The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915.

Summary of the News

There has been no further development during the past week in the situation in Rumania or other Balkan states. It seems significant, however, that a loan of $25,000,000 has been arranged for Rumania in England, the money being advanced by the Bank of England to the Bank of Rumania against Rumanian Treasury bills, and if dispatches from Rome and Athens published in Monday's papers are to be accepted, Greece is allowing munitions of war for Servia to be shipped through Salonica and is prepared, it is stated, to render active assistance to Servia in case of another Austrian invasion. This last is a statement not to be accepted without reserve. If true, however, it would indicate that a complete understanding, such as was suggested in the announcement, by the Bulgarian Minister at Petrograd on December 22, of an agreement between Bulgaria and Rumania, has been reached among all the Balkan states as to their future basis of action.

Whatever Italy's ultimate decision on the question of peace or war may be, it becomes increasingly evident that that decision will be taken by Italy alone, uninfluenced by threats or persuasions of other Powers. Last week there were rumors that such threats had been uttered by Germany and Austria, taking umbrage at the concentration of troops along the Austrian boundary, and it was stated that a counter-concentration of German and Austrian troops was taking place in the Tyrol. Whether the latter statement is true or not we have no means of judging, but whatever representations may have been made by Prince von Bülow, as Teutonic Ambassador Extraordinary at Rome, it does not appear that they have been seriously regarded by the Italian Government. At any rate, Italy continues to press forward the completion of her military preparations. On January 29 a royal decree was issued calling to the colors the soldiers of the first category born in 1888 and belonging to the Field Artillery and the Alpine troops, as well as the latter troops of the third category born in 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894. Large orders for military stores and equipment have been placed in this country; a sufficient number of horses for the cavalry, it is stated, have already been provided, and the threatened shortage in cereals and flour has been met by a decree, promulgated on January 31, removing all duty from these commodities. The temper of the populace undoubtedly grows increasingly warlike, and it is asserted that the recent agitation over the cost of food in various parts of the country has been not a spontaneous movement, as at first appeared, but one carefully fostered by emissaries of Germany.

Sir Edward Grey on January 26 authorized a statement in reply to the interview given to a representative of the Associated Press by the German Imperial Chancellor and published on January 25. The statement of the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, as we note elsewhere, is straightforward and to the point, merely confirming the impression of the "scrap of paper" incident which is generally held by those qualified to form an impartial judgment.

Dispatches dated January 29 state that the Austrian Government has decided to put in force a Governmental appropriation of foodstuffs similar to that decreed by Germany last week.

As was expected, the Immigration bill was vetoed by President Wilson in a message to Congress on January 28. The President stated as his objections to the measure that the literacy test for aliens was not a fair test of prospective citizenship, and that the bill would represent a departure from the traditional attitude of the United States as an asylum for political offenders from other lands.

In an address before the American Electric Railway Association in Washington, on January 29, the President delivered what may be taken as an exhortation to the business interests of the country. The President spoke hopefully regarding commercial prospects, the keynote of his speech being sounded in one of his opening phrases when he said, "We are upon the eve of a new era of enterprise and prosperity."

As we go to press the fate of the Administration's Ship Purchase bill is undecided. The Republican filibuster against it was put in the shade on Monday by a revolt within the ranks of the Democratic party in the Senate. It appears, as we write, that this revolt may conceivably result in causing the bill to be shelved for the present session. At all events the situation involves a straight test of the personal ascendency of the President. We deal elsewhere with the general aspects of the matter.

An incident not without its picturesque, not to say its theatric, aspect was the *rapprochement* last week between John D. Rockefeller, jr., and "Mother" Jones, the labor agitator. The *entente cordiale* was established as a result of Mr. Rockefeller's evidence before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, f the manner of which Mother Jones was good enough to approve. Whether the handshaking of the representative of abnormal capital and the representative of exuberant labor unionism is destined to prove ἄγαθόν τι as well as καινόν τι it would be rash to predict, but at least the incident is a useful reminder that capital and labor are not inevitable foes and that there is a basis of common sense and mutual respect on which they may meet.

A gathering of German-Americans was held in Washington on January 30 for the purpose of forming an organization to "reëstablish genuine American neutrality and to uphold it, free from commercial, financial, and political subservience to foreign Powers." We comment elsewhere on the measures which the German-American citizens in solemn conclave gathered proposed to take towards this end. The sum and substance of their proposals was that the German-American citizens of the country should bring political pressure to bear on the Administration to induce it to pass laws, in contravention of the international code, which should assist to remove from the land whose citizenship they have renounced some of the disabilities which have been imposed on it by reason of the command of the sea held by the Powers with which it is at war.

Announcement was made by Mr. Hughes, acting Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia, on January 29, that Great Britain was prepared to take the entire wool clip of Australia. The announcement is important, as it settles a difficulty which had arisen through the fear in Australia lest German purchasers might obtain Australian wool by way of the United States. At wool sales in Sydney three days previous to this announcement bids from supposed German buyers had been rejected.

The monotony of strife in Mexico was varied a little last week by the bloodless evacuation of the capital on January 27 by Provisional President Garza and the troops of Villa and Zapata. On the following day Gen. Obregon and the Carranzista forces entered the city. The intention of Villa, who apparently escaped assassination at the hands of one of his aides at the close of last week, seems to be to rest content with consolidating his position in the north. The Conventionist forces, which is the new name for the followers of Villa and Zapata, before the evacuation of Mexico City seem to have suffered severe defeats at Guadalajara, and the star of Carranza is for the moment in the ascendant. One ray of hope gleams through the general murkiness of the situation: the war in Europe appears to have resulted in a shortage of arms and ammunition which is felt by all factions. Is it possible that a settlement of Mexico may be accomplished by the warring hosts in Europe?

Somewhat sensational dispatches from Peking were published on January 27 concerning demands which it was stated Japan had made upon China following the Japanese occupation of Kiao-chau. The demands made, according to these dispatches, included the turning over to Japan of all existing German and Austrian concessions; a pledge that China should not in the future grant concessions to any country except Japan; permission to build a special territorial railway, and certain mining privileges. That Japan should at the present juncture make any demands of so sweeping a character appears in the highest degree unlikely, even without the denial issued on January 28 by the Foreign Office at Tokio, which states that there have been negotiations between the two countries, but that these diplomatic exchanges "contain nothing of a nature to disturb the territorial integrity of China, or anything conflicting with the spheres of influence now enjoyed by other Powers in China."

The deaths of the week include: Dr. James H. Parker, Lucien Carr, Andrew Tyler Huntington, January 27; Rev. John C. Clyde, Col. Charles Valentine Wagner, January 28; Gen. George Stone, Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Bryan Milman, Dr. Cyrus Fogg Brackett, Walter Leon Sawyer ("Winn Standish"), January 29; Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor A. Montagu, ex-Lieut.-Gov. William M. Brown, Dr. Louis A. Rodenstein, January 31; Major-Gen. Sir Luke O'Connor, Amos Bonsall, February 1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

A way may be found out of the ugly snarl into which the Administration Ship-Purchase bill fell early this week. Filibustering against it in the Senate was suddenly turned into a filibuster to prevent taking a vote on it which would have sealed its doom. Six or eight Democratic Senators are apparently ready to desert their party and the President, and to abandon the bill to its fate. Means of overcoming their opposition and meeting their objections may be discovered. Sufficient support from errant Republicans may be forthcoming to make good Democratic defections. In some form or other, the bill may yet be passed. But the mischief has been done. A load too heavy for the Democratic party to carry has been bound upon its shoulders by the President, and there is open revolt. It is not only that Mr. Wilson's authority is challenged more sharply than it has been before within his party, since he became President. Beyond that, there is the feeling that he has made a great mistake, not merely in party tactics and in party leadership, but in reading the sentiment of the country.

For President Wilson's veto of the Immigration bill we are profoundly grateful. By refusing to admit the literacy test, he has taken the same high position which led Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Taft to defeat similar bills. It was, in our judgment, unjust, unworkable in practice, and undemocratic, and it would have penalized still further men and women struggling against handicaps, by refusing them access to our shores. We do not deny that a great sentiment in favor of the bill exists among many people; it has been well worked up among labor unions and farmers—many of them illiterates and sons of illiterates themselves—and it is even possible that Congress may decide to override the opinions of a Republican and two Democratic Presidents. But this only reflects the more credit upon Mr. Wilson. He has considered the bill on its merits and been swayed neither by the possibility of a nullified veto nor by the loud shouting of those who wish to put up this particular bar, even when admitting, as some did, that they had their doubts as to the justice of the test. Once more the narrow and stupid exclusionist spirit, which lurked behind it all, has met with a deserved rebuke. The literary skill of the President was never better shown than in his veto message; nor his firm convictions and true American spirit.

Again the President has assured the business men of the country that their troubles are over; that they need stand in dread of no more legislation; that they now know the worst, as it were, and that nothing is left for them to do except to go ahead and make a lot of money and restore prosperity at full flood. Frankly, we do not think that business was waiting for any such signal from Mr. Wilson. Conditions in the business world have already shown improvement, and it is reasonable to expect, as most students of affairs do, that times will soon be much better. But the change will come not at all in consequence of the Clayton bill or any Democratic legislation concerning Trusts and monopolies—least of all in consequence of the President's proclamation that the road is now clear. The mischief was due to causes more than verbal, and the remedy is to be found in something else than fine phrases. By iterating these, the President is in danger of occupying something of the position which President Roosevelt did towards the end of his second term, when he talked incessantly about the "good" Trust which had nothing to fear, but when no man regarded what he said. There is no doubt that President Wilson is consumedly anxious, as is everybody else, that business should revive rapidly; but mere speechifying will not make the wheels turn or the tall chimneys smoke.

If the strait of the big-navy men is measured by the grotesqueness of their argument, the debate last Friday on the Naval Appropriation bill shows them in sad case. The longer that Congress and the country have had to think over the matter, the more have the alarmists' hopes faded before what ex-President Taft called our popular good sense. The naval report that was artfully dressed to show us a fourth-class power created not a ripple. The arguments which he who runs may read from the war—the probable weakening of three great navies by continued sea losses, the doubtful worth of the huge battleship, the certain development of new tendencies in construction—have all gone home. The necessity for retrenchment in the budget has operated strongly against unnecessary expenditure. It was the hopelessness of the last ditch that was exhibited last week when Congressman Hobson read pages from our secret history to show that for ten years we have been trembling on the verge of war with Japan, and astutely analyzed the present situation to demonstrate that we must either "surrender the open-door policy or fight," and that "Great Britain's attitude . . . is nothing short of menacing."

The raid of the German submarines in the Irish Sea is significant only because of Admiral von Tirpitz's threat against English commerce, and because of the venturesomeness of the U-21. Merchant ships in some number have before this been sunk by submarines, and there is doubt whether two of the lost vessels were not sunk by mines instead of by a submarine. It is known that German submarines have cruised all around England, and they have been reported off the coast of Scotland. As to the legitimacy of the proceeding there can be no question. Any German ship has the right to sink the enemy's merchantmen. The only requirement is the saving of the crew and passengers; it would not seem that the Germans would disregard this rule. True, a German submarine sank the passenger ship Admiral Ganteaume last autumn, but that must clearly have been a blunder, as no similar incident has happened, and the submarine in question made no attack on the rescue ships which came to the Ganteaume's aid. With so many merchant ships acting as armed cruisers, the possibility of an error of this kind is great, particularly in view of the limited range of view from a periscope. If the submarine is a startling spectacle in its new rôle as a commerce-destroyer, it must be remembered that it is limited by its cruising activities—the largest German boats have a radius of 2,000 miles—and also because of the necessity, already referred to, of taking care of the passengers and crew.

Sir Edward Grey's reply to the German Chancellor's efforts to whitewash himself in connection with the scrap of paper episode is quiet but effective. He brings out with particular force the fact that Bethmann-Hollweg's perturbation over England's joining in the war came after hostilities had been begun against France and Russia. This shows clearly the Chancellor's greater concern about England's course than as to the forcing of a European catastrophe. Again, Sir Edward Grey refutes the German assertion that Belgium had violated her neutrality in advance by giving England the right to enter her territory, declaring that as there is no note of conversations between the British and Belgian officers on file in either the British Foreign Office or War Office, they were obviously of an informal character. To this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the German answer will doubtless be that they have been destroyed. But this cannot obscure the fact, proved from Belgian sources, that the British were only to enter Belgian territory after the violation of that territory by Germany. Nobody in that country is, however, in a frame of mind to be convinced by facts, or anything else. Where an argument cannot be met, it is waved aside as a British lie. Nothing else is to be expected when a nation solemnly cites documents found after an admitted wrongdoing to prove that that wrongdoing was thereby justified.

The last formal expression of opinion by the German Social-Democrats with regard to the war was contained in the speech of the party leader, Herr Haase, at the opening session of the Reichstag on December 2. This speech was as emphatic in the expression of the Social-Democracy's loyalty as Herr Haase's speech of last August when the first war budget was voted. That the unanimity of the Socialist party in the Reichstag, acting under discipline, is not a token of unanimity in Socialist ranks has been known for some time. The case of Karl Liebknecht was plain evidence on the point. Liebknecht's refusal to go with his party in the war vote of last December was followed by disciplinary measures against him by the executive committee of the Socialist party in the Reichstag. To this action undoubtedly must be traced the resignation from the committee of George Ledebour, just announced. Ledebour is, after Liebknecht, perhaps the most noted of Socialist parliamentarians and orators. With these two men out of the party councils, it is apparent that the Social Democracy can no longer be spoken of as unanimously in agreement with the Government war-policy.

Once more it is made plain how sadly German "preparedness" has failed to prepare the Kaiser's diplomats for their work. In Ambassador Bernstorff's protest to Secretary Bryan against the shipping of American-made hydro-aeroplanes to belligerents, on the ground that they are "ships of war" as understood in one of the Hague Conventions of 1907, there is lack of a sense of humor and of a mastery of the facts. The solemn invocation of The Hague in a quarrel that has witnessed the repeated violation of the spirit of the laws regulating civilized warfare argues a pitiful want of humor. But if humor is not an essential in the preparation of German diplomats, the use of facts should certainly be a part of their education. Yet here we have Mr. Bryan demolishing Ambassador Bernstorff's plea with a direct quotation from a German official regulation defining the status of aircraft in war. The incident recalls Ambassador Bernstorff's recent charges about the enormous export of American dum-dum bullets. One thinks of an Ambassador as documenting himself on something more solid than the writings of G. S. Viereck.

The London *Daily Mail's* correspondent at Copenhagen sends a detailed and fascinating story of what Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, recently said to the Kaiser's Ministers and what the Kaiser's Ministers said to Baron Burian. From the entire account the fact emerges that the *Mail's* "well-informed" correspondent is primarily well-informed as to what the editor of the *Mail* likes to print and the readers of the paper like to read. The interview in itself is absurd. Upon the evident truth that Baron Burian represented to the Kaiser's advisers the need of defending the Hungarian frontier, this correspondent embroiders a fantastic pattern of peace terms and territorial concessions. In itself this interview would not call for notice, if it did not exemplify a type of argument which so frequently occurs in the dispatches and in editorial comment—namely, Hungary's desperate resolve to save itself at the cost of the Dual Monarchy. Such talk overlooks the primary fact that Hungary's best interests demand the preservation of the Dual Monarchy. Conditions with the Hapsburgs must be much more hopeless than they are to-day before Hungary's representatives will talk so easily of ceding this to Russia and that to Italy for the sake of peace.

Almost exactly one-fourth of the total Russian revenue during recent years has been derived from the state traffic in spirits, now suppressed. That is the big hole in the national income which the Czar's Finance Minister must somehow manage to plug up. The report of the Russian Duma's Finance Committee on the ways and means of making up the deficiency is a rather oratorical bit of budget-making, if the cabled summaries are correct. The abolition of the sale of alcoholic spirits, argues the Committee, has increased the efficiency of labor by 50 or 100 per cent., and there you are. One is irresistibly carried back to the flush days of *Everybody's* finance and economics, when billions rolled trippingly off the tongue, and to the higher sociology of the uplift in which human nature undergoes marvellous transformation during the first half of the fiscal year. The abolition of the traffic in vodka will probably react on the efficiency of the Russian people, but it will be some time before results are evident. The fact is that the abolition of traffic in alcohol and the virtual disappearance of customs duties represent a total loss of about $600,000,000 a year, and this will have to be made up partly by heavier taxes and the sale of crown domains, mostly by loans.

It is evident from the New York *Sun's* symposium by prominent Progressives that they know no more than anybody else what is going to happen to their party next year. In this respect they show a difference from their previous attitude, which has been one of undying hostility to even the suggestion of amalgamation or any other form of disintegration. Why the change? Because unimpeachable statistics have revealed the fact that the Progressive rank and file is a vanishing quantity. It is quite within the power of Miles Poindexter, Medill McCormick, and George Ade, if every one else deserts the ship, to put up a ticket; but it is not within the power of these gentlemen to deliver any great number of votes for it. Consequently, in place of the brave words of a year ago about never surrendering to the pirate crew that had seized upon the good Republican vessel, we have a distinction carefully made between the Progressive movement and the Progressive party—a distinction first put forward by the party's opponents! One fundamental fact still stands out. Only the Colonel can be counted upon to poll the party's maximum strength. But what will that strength be with Republican Governors like Brumbaugh in Pennsylvania and Capper in Kansas? The Progressives have already gone back to the Republican party in large numbers. The problem is no longer to hold them in line, but to get them back in line.

The suggestions which the National Civic Federation sent out last week for a uniform law in respect to workmen's compensation are important, following and largely embodying as they do the report of previous investigators from that body and from the American Federation of Labor, recently published as a Senate document. Proposals are that injuries received in casual employment or arising from intoxication be exempted by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

law; that compensation be computed as a percentage of earnings, the amount of the percentage to be based upon the number and extent of dependency of the next of kin; and that some inducement be given employers to reëmploy injured men. At least the second of these involves complex legislation. But in two simpler matters the findings should be suggestive to some States. One is the recommendation of a commission to pass upon questions of fact and, with powers of a court of the first instance, upon questions of the law. Upon this point the Senate document is emphatic:

> In the States where there are industrial accident boards having power to pass upon settlement agreements, to make rules and regulations, to require the filing of receipts showing the actual payments of compensation to the men, and having arbitrations and hearings before them in case of dispute, there was found no danger from fraud or deception on the part either of the employer or the workman. In these States the law is being fairly administered, and the employees are receiving promptly their full compensation under the law.

The other is the investigators' indifference to whether insurance is written by stock companies, mutual companies, a State fund, or the employer, or all four. "The law seems to be complied with through one mode as well as any other."

"I suggest an arrangement whereby there shall be more jobs than there are men seeking them." This is the complete solution of the problem of unemployment which was proposed to the Industrial Relations Commission, sitting in New York, by a witness who admitted that he had given to the subject years of profound thought. His remedy, however, seems like a brilliant inspiration. And his method of modestly "suggesting" that 2 be made more than 3 could obviously be applied with great success in other fields. Why not suggest that a Treasury deficit be avoided by making the dollars that come in more numerous than those that are paid out? By this plan, indeed, all difficulties could be made to vanish. The price of wheat could be kept down by suggesting added millions of bushels into the visible supply. As soon as the Allies hear of this new solvent, they will suggest that their soldiers and guns be made to outmatch the Germans. It is a wonderful discovery. Columbus's egg is nothing to this trick. It is not, however, so entirely new as might be supposed. Doctors have had a good deal to say about "suggesting." One branch of it they call auto-suggestion. But this is usually morbid; and, of course, all the witnesses at the hearings of the Industrial Relations Commission were perfect in poise and sanity.

The expansion of the work of the National Forest Reservation Commission, created in 1911 to protect the watersheds of navigable streams, is the country's surest guarantee against the misuse by corporations or individuals of especially valuable forests. To date about 1,105,000 acres have been purchased or approved for purchase, mainly in the White Mountains and the southern Appalachians. In some regions the policy of the States in buying their own wild mountain lands makes Federal action unnecessary, and it is always forbidden until State consent is obtained. Further appropriations will be required for some years, the Department of Agriculture having estimated that ultimate ownership of 5,000,000 acres in the South and 600,000 in New England is necessary for full protection. By these tracts scientific lumbering is made possible, water and water-power conserved, and the usefulness of the forests in public recreation increased. Their wide distribution gives Government agents opportunity to check forest fires, and they serve as object-lessons to private owners in forestry management. The report read in Congress last week shows that the price paid by the Commission, averaging $5 an acre, is not excessive. The furtherance of the growth of these Forest Reservations is an essential work in stream and timber conservation; the safeguarding of timber tracts in the far West from control by monopoly is a part of this policy—for the corporations have been notoriously wasteful—and is in addition a check upon the unequal distribution of public wealth.

A case of interest to all newspaper men, as to the public, is the fining of the Toledo *News-Bee* for contempt of court by a Federal judge, John M. Killits. The editor was fined $200 and the newspaper $7,500, the judge holding that the editor being merely an employee deserved to get off easily. The *News-Bee's* offence was not a single publication, but a series of cartoons, news items, and editorials dealing with Judge Killits's handling of the three-cent car-fare case. The Judge particularly objected to the publication of resolutions of the Toledo Socialists protesting against interference by the courts, and the sharp criticism by a labor leader. The editor, Mr. N. D. Cochran, received a hearing from the Court, and the prosecution was in the hands of the Federal District Attorney and Judge William L. Day as "a friend of the Court." The editor testified that he had no intention of embarrassing the Court or of obstructing justice, and insisted that his comments were legitimate. The whole case was conducted with a view to its going to the highest tribunal for decision. This is as it should be. The entire matter of the relation of the press to judicial proceedings needs to be threshed out and the proper principle laid down. At present it is not only a question as to respect for judges, but of creating such a public sentiment in a community as to preclude a fair trial for an accused person. On the other side, there is the freedom of the press to be preserved from unwarranted judicial interference. The *News-Bee* case, therefore, is likely to become one of far-reaching importance.

In an essay on "When a Man Comes to Himself" President Wilson did not put an age-label on that event. President Lowell's annual report would. He conceives that there is a normal time for general education, and that maturity may easily become over-ripe; that the college student should enter at seventeen and begin the study of a profession at twenty-one. He vouches for the fact that the present age-average of eighteen and a half for Harvard freshmen represents a year of evident school waste; that the youngest students enjoy the real undergraduate pleasures most fully and innocently, and that, being at a period of rapid intellectual growth by exercise, they make the greatest profit by their books. It is to be hoped that educational boards and preparatory schools can find it possible to act on this new pronouncement of an opinion that is diffusing itself among all the colleges. In another matter, President Lowell addresses a larger audience than students, faculty, and alumni. "This," he states under the heading "Scholarship," "is the only country where it is popularly believed that superior diligence and aptitude for knowledge are poor preparations for success in life." As regards the past, he is perhaps contradicted by some remarks of Macaulay on the same superstition in England. It is a superstition that can be lessened by drawing attention to the records of scholars and of schools, and President Lowell records that the publication of honor grades received by boys from different preparatory institutions has attracted wide notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIGHT IN THE SENATE.

A Democratic Senator said in Washington on Saturday that the Republican filibuster against the Ship-Purchase bill could not be kept up, because there was not enough popular interest in the measure to sustain the fight. But this remark cuts both ways. If the country is not roused against the bill, neither has it shown any general excitement in its behalf. There is, indeed, throughout the South and in some parts of the West a vague feeling that the Government ought to do something to ease the temporary scarcity of ships; but the particular merits of the actual bill have not been widely discussed. In favor of its central provision, the direct embarking of the Government in the shipping business, there has been no expression of the people's will whatever. President Wilson, in his veto last week of the Immigration bill, made much of the fact that there was no particular mandate behind the literacy test. Neither party had openly declared for it. No party platform had favored it. Well, we are entitled to ask what party or what platform has ever advocated the ownership and operation of merchant vessels by the Government? The thing has not been heard of. The bill is a creation of the Administration, not a response to public debate and popular demand.

Moreover, not one person in ten thousand knows what the bill is. It is forever being made over. Only last week, Senator Fletcher reported from the Committee on Commerce a substitute for the original bill. Everything after the enacting clause was stricken out, and the whole measure rewritten. As it stands now, it is radically different in several particulars from the bill which had been announced as satisfactory in all respects, and which was being driven by the whole power of the Administration. In one point, the amendments make a concession to opinion as brought out in the Senate discussion. The Shipping Board is not to be exclusively made up of Government officials. In addition to the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Commerce, there are to be "three additional members, two of whom shall be of practical experience in the management and operation of steamships in the foreign trade." In all other ways, however, the prominence and control of the Government in the proposed shipping venture are made more absolute than before.

In the bill as first agreed upon there was a mysterious "corporation," in being or to be called into being, of the stock of which the Government was to hold 51 per cent. The question has persistently been asked where that corporation was, and where were to be found the private investors willing to take the remaining 49 per cent. of stock. To this there was never an answer. The answer comes now in the remodelled bill. The Government itself is to form the corporation. It is to be chartered in the District of Columbia—not, as before, in any State. If no individual citizens come forward—as it is plainly believed now that none will—"the members of the Shipping Board, as incorporators, may . . . form a corporation of the District of Columbia, by making and filing a certificate of incorporation." Thus the fiction of a private corporation, controlled by the Government, is dropped. The thing is to be Government all through. As if to emphasize this fact, there is a new provision that "said corporation and its capital stock shall be free from all public taxes." Another proof of Mr. McAdoo's intention to have the Government ships compete on equal terms with vessels privately owned!

Some of these changes in the bill have been more or less clearly outlined in the Washington dispatches. But there is one sweeping innovation of which we have seen no mention whatever in the press. This is a proposal to repeal the whole body of navigation laws, and to put the framing of "all rules and regulations" affecting shipping and the water-borne commerce of the United States wholly within the discretion of the Shipping Board. This seems almost incredible, but there the provisions stand on p. 7 of the amended bill. All the laws on the subject now effective are to "cease to have any force or validity" on December 31, 1915; and in their place the President is to approve and proclaim such rules as the Shipping Board "may determine suited to the present needs," whereupon they shall become of "full force and effect." If Congress was ever asked to make a more tremendous grant of uncontrolled power, we should be glad to have it pointed out.

It is a great misfortune that the huge demerits and dangers of this shipping bill are so lost sight of in the party struggle in the Senate. What we have on view there now is not a debate, but a physical contest. The Democrats are not defending the bill; they are angrily fighting for their power to pass any bill. As for the motives of the Republicans, they are frankly partisan. There is no concealment of the fact that a determined filibuster is in progress. The minority proposes to take advantage of the rules of the Senate in order to prevent the majority from having its way. The result is necessarily to arouse party passion and to divert attention from the actual measure before the Senate. Filibusters like this have frequently been attempted by both parties in the Senate. The pot cannot call the kettle black, in that business. But if ever stout opposition, by any means at the disposal of the minority, was justified, it is so in the case of a bill so stuffed with peril, upon which the country has never had an opportunity to utter its voice.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN MENACE?

It would be difficult to take seriously the threat of some particularly belligerent German-Americans to organize for aggressive action "to break the power of England upon our Government, our public servants," if it were not that these fellow-citizens have been guilty of so many errors of taste as to warrant the fear that their judgment may once more be submerged by their emotions. "A great movement," we learn, "is under way to organize the German-American element and all German and Austro-Hungarian sympathizers" to balk "the attempt to deliver the United States into the keeping of England by the Tory element which controls the American press in New York and occupies seats in the Cabinet of President Wilson." This undertaking, it appears, has thrilled the "great mass of non-Anglican American citizens, bone and fibre," and opened many eyes to the horrible danger which threatens our country if this intolerable state of affairs continues. Indeed, the manifesto assures us that it is already too late to prevent the attempt, and that we are as "dependent upon England for our place and privilege in the world" as in 1812. This it is proposed to end in order to "assert and maintain our dignity as citizens of the United States."

Now, citizens of this country, whatever the land of their birth, have a perfect right to organize for any benevolent purpose that they approve. They can form societies, if they please, in order radically to alter our form of government or to induce it to change its foreign policy. If they are actuated by patriotic American motives, no one will object, however he may disagree with the aim. But when this organizing is plainly in the interest of a foreign Government, and would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inevitably result in dividing all Americans into two camps over an issue foreign to this country, those who undertake it are playing with extremely dangerous fire. It will tend to inject hatred and bitterness into our treatment of questions relating to our foreign affairs, at the worst possible time for such a display of partisanship. If ever there was an hour when patriotic citizens should refrain from acts likely to embroil this Government at home or abroad, it is the present.

Our German-Americans who are citizens, and not merely sojourners among us, were supposed when they took out their naturalization papers to have abandoned their allegiance to Germany, and to have sworn fealty to our institutions. Now many of them are acting as if they were never Americans at all, but merely Germans who live here for convenience. They are looking at this whole question, not from the American point of view, but the German. When they demand that all shipments of arms to Europe be stopped, it is because they favor Germany, and are working in her interest. When they say they desire to elect Congressmen who shall "compel the Administration to enforce strict neutrality," they mean that, since the laws, by reason of British control of the sea, happen to favor the Allies, they wish these laws changed. If these happened to favor Germany we should hear not a word from the German-Americans. They are judging thus upon what will help Germany; how it affects the United States they care not.

For the first time they have raised the question of the loyalty of foreign-born citizens, not their loyalty in time of war, but that deeper, firmer, and nobler allegiance to our institutions which we have a right to expect of true Americans. For it is impossible to uphold German autocracy and American representative Government at the same time; they are too utterly dissimilar to make it possible. At bottom there are the same fundamental differences that existed when the men of 1848 fled to this country for political asylum. But those who are trying to raise up a German national party here in the reflected heat of the great struggle abroad overlook all this, as they do the probability of their opening serious cleavage between themselves and the other American citizens which will last for years to come. With the outcome of the war for Germany they have, strictly speaking, no more concern than the hundreds of thousands of Americans who are indebted to her for one cause or another. What they ought to be praying for is an outcome which will so remodel German institutions as to make them more nearly like our own. What they ought to be striving for is so to bear themselves that at the end of the war they will have won golden opinions on this side of the water for their forbearance, for their tolerance, and their Americanism.

Instead, the course they are threatening to pursue leads straight towards bitterness, sectionalism, and disorder in our political life. It is as if they sought to make themselves feared and disliked. As ex-President Taylor, of Vassar College, has put it: "This is not patriotism; it is pure alienism." It goes without saying that some of the charges made by those who deem this new political organization necessary are unfounded and hysterical in the extreme. Thus, they solemnly accuse Mr. Wilson of "contributing to the destruction of the German squadron under Admiral von Spee, because of the order prohibiting wireless service, while allowing English warships the full use of the cables." If this is true, what explanation is there of the German victory off Coronel? Did Mr. Wilson win it for them? Others of their contentions have been swept away by Mr. Bryan's letter to Senator Stone explaining just what this Government has done. It is really painful to read this appeal for organization, with its confusion of thought, its inconsistencies, and its complete misconception of what constitutes neutrality and justice, of what is the duty of loyal Americans.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND FOOD SUPPLIES.

The announcement last week by the Federal Council of the German Empire, that all private German stocks of corn, wheat, and flour would be taken by the Government on February 1, is an incident of considerable significance. The detailed official statement declares that all business transacted in these commodities is forbidden after January 26; that all municipalities are charged with the duty of setting aside suitable supplies of preserved meats; that owners of grain are ordered to report their stocks immediately, whereupon confiscation, at a fixed price, will follow; and that a Government distributing office for the regulation of consumption will be established, distribution being made according to the number of inhabitants.

This announcement was apparently unexpected, and the German newspaper comment is that "the measure cuts more deeply into the people's economic life than all the other economic regulations hitherto adopted." The previous regulations referred to were in the nature of maximum prices, enforced by municipal authorities, and of certain restrictions on consumption. Thus in November an absolute maximum wholesale price was fixed on potatoes, and large purchases were made by the Berlin city government. Restaurants were forbidden to serve "bread-baskets"; bakers were not to bake after 2 P. M., and were to use at least 10 per cent. of rye flour in all wheat bread made by them. In making flour, mills were to use no more than 75 per cent. of wheat. Even before those official orders were promulgated, the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* stated that a large number of factories had been put in operation to manufacture "potato flakes" which might be mixed with grain in baking bread.

The Government's order last week goes so much further than these earlier regulations, however, as to raise several new and important questions, bearing not only on Germany's economic situation, but on some problems of the war itself. The first inquiry which will naturally arise is the question how far the new policy indicates danger of actual famine. A further inquiry will be how far this taking-over, into Government hands, of accumulation and distribution of grain supplies will itself affect the import of foreign grain.

Germany is in ordinary times by no means wholly dependent on foreign grain-producing states. In 1911, when her home crops were of only average size, a careful estimate of both production and consumption showed that, while home production of wheat was some 30 per cent. below home consumption, the surplus of production over consumption, in respect to rye and oats, more than offset that deficit. But other foodstuffs are not produced in sufficient quantity, and even in 1913, when the German wheat crop was large, the Empire imported $107,000,000 worth of wheat, $101,000,000 worth of barley, and $25,000,000 worth of corn. Some of these importations were from Russia or the Balkan states, for reëxport, but the bulk of them were for use at home.

Last June—before the war had become a probability—a careful review of the food supply at Berlin drew the conclusion that the large milling concerns depended chiefly on foreign grain, notably that of Russia, and that on July 1 there would hardly be in store, in Germany, more than enough grain to meet the needs of home consumers during the next two months. There remained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany's own harvests, which are gathered in July. Last year, the home production of wheat, barley, and oats reached a fair average, though less by perhaps 140,000,000 bushels than in 1913. What was more serious, the Hungarian crop, on which Germany might have drawn at will, was disastrously short, changing Austria-Hungary from a grain-exporting to a grain-importing status; and Russia was absolutely cut off. There is no reason to believe that the German Government has maintained on its own account an extensive "war reserve" of foodstuffs. The Berlin reviews of the situation, on the eve of war last year, were urging the introduction of such a plan, and as a matter of fact the Government had arranged for its first official "census of grain supplies" to be taken in July for presumably just that purpose.

It may reasonably be concluded, then, that the country's present grain supplies are greatly inadequate for consumption on the usual scale, and this the Government's edict seems officially to recognize. But the Federal Council must also have taken into account the problem of this year's harvests. No one will doubt that every effort is being made for planting and cultivating the farms through the labor of women and men too old for military service. It is scarcely to be supposed, however, that even under most favorable auspices a full crop can be harvested. The crops of Servia and Bulgaria, following their war of 1913, were cut down 20 per cent. from the year before.

For Germany there would remain, even under war conditions, import of grain from the United States; and one of the points most effectively made, in our Government's recent note to the British Government, was its insistence on the right of our ships to carry grain direct to German ports, provided it were consigned to private merchants, for use in general consumption, and not to agents of the Government for use in connection with the army. Sir Edward Grey had conceded our contention, and the prospect was fair that these shipments would be allowed unhampered transit by the British fleet. But how is this part of the situation to be affected by the seizure of all German grain and flour supplies by the German Government, and its prohibition of dealing in such supplies by private citizens? It is to be presumed that the Berlin authorities have taken this matter into full consideration before issuing their edict; but it can hardly be doubted that their action has raised a barrier against future importations.

TEACHERS IN EXILE.

To two professors from unhappy Louvain refuge has been afforded at Harvard. Other members of the University, teachers and students, are scattered throughout Great Britain and France. Thus the year 1915 sees the revival of an ancient force which has played its part in the spread of learning and enlightenment—the migration of scholars, philosophers, and poets under the compulsion of war, or under the pressure of individual persecution. The harmless, necessary professor as a rule manages to go about his work in the midst of civil turmoil and foreign invasion. But there are catastrophes so violent as to wrench even the pedagogue or the dreamer out by the roots and carry him away on the wings of the wind. Happy the land that shelters the fugitive. Rich gifts of an alien culture are frequently the reward. And though it is not likely that the two strangers from Louvain will do for Harvard what the Byzantine scholars did for Italy after the fall of Constantinople, even Harvard may have something to learn. Here is a sense in which the Kaiser's armies will have really worked for culture.

A sad fate has befallen the academic and the philosopher. They have been robbed of their manhood. They are now types of sluggish pulses and feeble wills, in a world rich with effort and error. And yet there were times, in that golden age of scholarship which blossomed after the fall of Constantinople, when the scholar was not only a man, but was bold enough to describe his own interests as coextensive with Humanism. There went into the pursuit of Greek manuscripts, into the mere compiling of glossaries and lists of names, a joyous excitement, a thirst of adventure and romance, which the modern world can conceive only in relation to Love—and big game hunting. And just as there were scholars in the wicked days of the Renaissance who were very much alive, there were philosophers in the course of the next three hundred years who were so little harmless that home governments made it unpleasant for them. The Low Countries and Switzerland, neutral even then, became a refuge. Scholarly to-day means sedentary, but in the golden age of learning the scholars wandered. Philosopher means non-resister, but there have been philosophers more dangerous than the I. W. W.

It was four hundred years ago short of one year that the University of Louvain had its first visit from a distinguished scholar who for some years after took a lively interest in the University's affairs, until ecclesiastical influence managed to have its way with the new learning. Erasmus was a wanderer by choice. When he settled down he chose Basel for a home. The very year that Erasmus died at Basel, a French fugitive Protestant established himself in Geneva. It was John Calvin. He was the first eminent exile in the long array which was to set forth from France, because in that country a lively evolution of thought came into collision with a highly developed form of governmental authority anxious and able to impose uniformity. Descartes found himself more at home in the Netherlands than in France. Pierre Bayle left France for the Netherlands under pressure. At Rotterdam he was a fellow-resident of John Locke, who found the political atmosphere of England decidedly uncongenial until after the fall of James II. With the wanderings of Voltaire we pass from the enforced migrations of the abstract thinker to those of the agitator. Henceforth the scholar's wanderings are voluntary.

It was some form of that *Wanderlust* which we dissociate so strongly from the ideal of sedentary scholarship that brought to America men like Francis Lieber, Agassiz, and von Holst. The spirit of adventure was strong in one scholar whom America gave to Europe, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, whose career as scientist, soldier, administrator, and practical philanthropist should be enough to disprove the academic slander. From Massachusetts shopkeeper to commissioned officer in the British army, and from that to Minister of War and of Police in Bavaria—there is contemporary interest in the way this scientist-administrator went at the problem of penal reform. He established industrial colonies for vagrants and posed the following question in penology: "To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has generally been supposed necessary first to make them virtuous. Why not make them first happy, and then virtuous?"

Justice to the professor demands recognition of this ancient vagrant taint in his blood. Professors going to China to help rule the Chinese, professors to Japan, professors to Siam, professors to Baroda—something of the old Renaissance tradition persists. And if there should be danger of its dying out, along will come another Louvain to feed the flame.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The battle of La Bassée, which took place on January 25, is interesting because it may be taken as typical of the more spirited fighting on the western front. La Bassée is ten miles south of Armentières and seven miles east of Béthune. It forms a salient in the Allies' line and is connected with Béthune by a railway and a canal running parallel. To break this line of communication and drive the British forces holding the position back on Béthune was the object of the German attack, for which strong reinforcements were brought up. The attack was delivered simultaneously on Givenchy-les-la-Bassée, to the north of the canal and railway, and on the line between Cuinchy and Annequin, which are connected by a canal, to the south. The customary German tactics were employed of pouring masses of men on to the trenches of the enemy, overwhelming them by sheer weight of numbers. The fighting proceeded at close quarters. At Givenchy the British troops were at first driven from some of their trenches, but these were subsequently regained. To the south of the canal the Germans succeeded in occupying 1,200 yards of trenches, but these also, according to the French official report, were recovered a few days later.

The indecisive result of this battle and of others like it is illustrative of the present strategy of the Allies, which is to allow the enemy to exhaust himself in attacks which cost him heavily and bring no corresponding strategic advantage. The Germans are fighting far from their base against armies that are close to theirs, and the Allies are well content to have it so. Not until Lord Kitchener gives the word that his new army is absolutely ready may Gen. Joffre be expected to make a serious effort to drive the enemy from France and Belgium.

On the enormous Russian front there has been activity in almost every part. The invasion of East Prussia, north of the Niemen River towards Tilsit, and north and west of Gumbinnen, threatening Insterburg, has made some progress, and perhaps the seriousness of this attack is to be measured by the renewal on January 31 of desperate German assaults on the centre of the Russian position in Poland in the region of Sochaczew and Borjimow and on the line of Goumine and Moghely. Here the Germans, according to the Russian statement on Tuesday, gained a few trenches, but it is stated that their successes were insignificant and were more than compensated by the losses incurred in achieving them. A striking statement in the Russian report is that which relates to a German offensive on the front of Lipno-Dobrzyn, which was repelled with heavy loss, and to fighting on the left bank of the Vistula, to the northwest of Wloclawek. Lipno is only twenty miles from the West Prussian frontier and twenty-five miles from the fortress of Thorn. The mention of villages northwest of Wloclawek is the first hint we have had that the Russians are south of the Vistula at this point. If the information be correct, the movement would seem to threaten the rear of the German armies in Poland.

It is evident that the reinforced Austro-German armies in the Carpathians were able at the beginning of last week to drive the Russians back to some extent, and it appears that an important battle is developing for the possession of the Carpathian passes on a front stretching from Mount Dukla to Mount Wyszkow. In the Caucasus the Turkish forces have evidently been reinforced, and the Russians have retreated, for we hear again of fighting in the neighborhood of Sari-Kamysh, with the advantage on the side of the Russians. In Persia, the Turkish forces which had overrun the Azerbaijan Province have been defeated in the region of Khoi and the Russians have occupied the important town of Tabriz.

Foreign Correspondence

THE SITUATION IN ITALY—PROSPECTS OF EARLY PARTICIPATION IN THE WAR—INTERNAL POLITICS.

ROME, January 10.

Public opinion favorable to an early participation in the European conflict has been steadily gaining ground in Italy in the past two months. Nine-tenths of the press of the country have been openly hostile to Germany since the outbreak of the war; of the remaining tenth only a few journals, even of those subsidized by the German secret service, have dared to push their propaganda further than a programme of prolonged neutrality; none have proposed active support of Germany in the field. Besides strong consideration of international policy, two leading influences have determined the hostility of Italian sentiment towards her ex-allies: the conviction that Germany deliberately brought on the war, and indignation over Germany's conduct in Belgium. Latterly, Turkey's entry on the side of Germany and Austria has roused further animosity in Italy and induced many more to abandon the programme of neutrality; men whose consciences dictated a lingering gratitude towards Germany on account of past services have declared that her unloosing of the Holy Mussulman War, with its menace to the safety of Italian colonies in Africa, "has broken even the last ties which bound us to her." A certain number of Italians, however, including many with large financial interests, have still a lively fear of German military power. Germany's large army reserves have not yet been exhausted, and should she send a half-million men to Austria's assistance in the Trentino, it is feared in some quarters that the Italian army might meet with initial reverses. Germany's action against Italy would undoubtedly be punitive, and a Zeppelin or Taube raid on Venice might cause incalculable damage in the destruction of architectural treasures. That this is realized by the Italian Government is proved by the orders recently given to the authorities of the Florentine art galleries to prepare storerooms for the reception of paintings that are to be sent on from the galleries of Venice and Verona.

The attitude of the Italian Government of necessity continues to be as non-committal as is possible. Salandra's speech at the opening of Parliament in November was in the late Mr. Gladstone's best manner. It appeared to give much information and to take the country into his confidence; it had a clear patriotic ring; it satisfied both those who wanted war later and those who wanted permanent neutrality; it won for him an immense majority; but when carefully examined it was found that he had said little, if anything, that was downright or concrete. What was much more important was the fact, clear to careful observers, that the new Minister of Foreign Affairs in the reconstituted Salandra Cabinet must, of necessity, be a man acceptable to Martini and Cinfelli, the two Cabinet Ministers representing the radical party that was already committed to a war policy. Such a man had in fact been found in ex-Prime Minister Baron Sidney Sonnino, a statesman of unimpeachable integrity and sound Parliamentary preparation in both foreign affairs and questions of finance. He is an indefatigable worker, arriving at the Foreign Office at eight o'clock in the morning, at which hour he begins to ring for his subordinates. He himself works for twelve hours a day, and states clearly that he expects others to work for ten—at least, he does not consider the three hours to which many of them have been accustomed sufficient. When Prime Minister, he attached a sign to the door of his ante-chamber informing Deputies who came to ask for favors of office that they would not be received. In spite of his sphinx-like demeanor, it is now positively known in semi-official circles that Sonnino is favorable to Italy's early participation in the war; and this, of course, means that Salandra and his Cabinet in reality stand upon a war platform. By the end of January Italy will be ready to go into action; in addition to other importations of war material on an enormous scale, a large consignment of cannon of foreign maunfacture will have been received by that date; and of the twenty-eight thousand horses required for the army, a number quite sufficient for immediate service will have arrived.

But February is not a month favorable to military operations in the Alps. On the other hand, the Italian Parliament meets in the middle of February, and there are evident disadvantages in leaving Italy's international policy open to further Parliamentary debate. If Parliament should open while Italy is still neutral, will it reaffirm its confidence in the Ministry without debate, or will it insist upon entering upon the discussion of the delicate questions of foreign affairs, or will it lose itself in petty party intrigues? Giolitti, who for more than a decade figured as the dictator of the Italian Parliament, is said to be covetous of power at this historic moment. Many believe that his followers are plotting to overthrow Salandra on some trifling question, in order that Giolitti may himself form a new Ministry that would probably also adopt a war policy. Salandra could avoid this by declaring war before Parliament meets, or by putting off the date of the convocation of Parliament—and there is precedent for this latter action. Furthermore, the King might instruct Salandra, if overthrown, to call for new Parliamentary elections; but at such a moment in the European situation this latter course would be a dangerous expedient. Still another possibility is suggested, namely, the formation of a "Great Ministry of National Defence," which would contain most of the members of the present Ministry, with Salandra retained at the Ministry of the Interior, with Giolitti as Prime Minister without portfolio, and with the Socialist Bissolati and the Republican Barzilai as other new Ministers. Such a Cabinet would undoubtedly carry great weight in the country.

It is regrettable that this unfortunate uncertainty in Italy's internal political situation creates unavoidably a fertile field for foreign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diplomatic intrigue. The German Ambassador, Prince von Bülow, is not idle; but he has a worthy opponent in the French Ambassador, Barrère, who is one of the ablest diplomats in the service of France. In the decade and more in which Barrère has been Ambassador to Rome he has given unmistakable proofs of a knowledge of the inner workings of the Italian political machine, such as no other foreign diplomat possesses. Furthermore, both the British and Russian Ambassadors to Italy are able and have had long experience in Rome.

It would be hazardous under such conditions as those described to attempt a forecast of the immediate issue. It may be determined by events outside Italy, which are entirely beyond her control. Germany may even attack Italy first, in the belief that war south of the Alps is inevitable and that some advantage is to be gained by sudden action. In any case, it seems improbable that the present situation can be long maintained. X.

PLUNDERING HABITS OF ARMY CONTRACTORS—GERMAN SOLDIERS IN 1870—THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, January 20.

There is perhaps no war, from the time of the gallant Duke of York downward, that has not been marked by the plundering habits of the army contractor. The one now raging will, thanks to exceptionally business-like aptitude in high administrative quarters, suffer less than its predecessors, notably the Boer War. But it is not wholly immune. Evidence is forthcoming from various parts of the country that the huts ordered by the War Office for the reception of recruits turn out to be shamelessly fraudulent. In country quarters I have personal knowledge of a flagrant case. On high ground, commanding a charming view of land and sea, huts were built for 500 men. The little colony was fair to see, with its neatly boarded, shapely huts. They were all very well in fair weather. But when the rain came, as it has come persistently during the last month, the rottenness of the concern was disclosed. Rain poured in as if the roofing were composed of brown paper.

As if that were not enough, when the wind blew from any quarter it drove in the rain through the walls, which, upon inspection, were found to be compact of laths of wood overlapping by not more than half an inch. The beds of the hapless recruits were soaked and the floors flooded. After patiently bearing this discomfort for something like a fortnight the health of the men suffered so appreciably that the huts were condemned, and to the grievous inconvenience, cheerfully borne, of the householders in the neighboring town, the men were billeted upon them. This, of course, means a considerable impost upon the taxpayer, increased by the cost of reconstructing the huts. I have not heard what steps have been taken against the contractor. The general impression in the neighborhood immediately concerned is that he ought to be shot, *pour encourager les autres.*

In the "Life of Robert Spence Watson," written by his nephew, Percy Corder, a book of rare merit and exceptional interest, which amid the crash of cannon has not met with the full measure of recognition it deserves, I find curious testimony to the conduct of the Germans during the war of 1870-1. On the fall of Metz the Society of Friends formed a committee, including John Bright and seven other members of Parliament, with intent to raise and distribute a fund among the non-combatant sufferers in Alsace and Lorraine. Spence Watson, with two others, went out to distribute relief. Visiting St. Privat, he found the villagers with literally no means of subsistence, their homes in ruin, their stores exhausted. To his surprise he found the people lamenting the departure of the Germans, who had just moved on to other quarters. "They have," he writes, "been kept alive by the real benevolence of the conquerors. Their one source of salvation was, apparently, the enemy."

He relates another story which, in the light of to-day, is equally surprising. The Maire of the district round Château Salines told him that the officer commanding an invading body of Uhlans had presented himself with a demand for 100,000 francs, threatening to give the place up to pillage if the money were not forthcoming within half an hour. The Maire pleaded that 5,000 francs was the utmost that could be raised. In a house-to-house visitation 4,500 francs was collected, and the Uhlans departed. A week later a general and six officers were quartered upon the Maire. In dinner conversation he told them of the levy, and before the following morning the general handed him 4,500 francs, to be returned to his people. It is evident that the German character has not mellowed during the past forty-five years.

In the chorus of approval of our stand against militarism in Germany voiced by civilized nations, no contribution is cherished more warmly than that of the United States. It was not always thus. The Boer War, for example, was regarded by America with mixed feelings in which disapproval distinctly predominated. Satisfaction is increased by the course of correspondence between the two countries on the delicate question of the search at sea of neutral vessels suspected of carrying contraband goods. In other moods and fits of temper, this controversy would have been fraught with grave peril. As matters stand there is every prospect of amicable settlement.

Peace between the two nations has been so long preserved that we are apt to forget some crises when they stood on the brink of war. Looking over some old letters, I came upon one from Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") which vividly testifies to the normal existence of a train of gunpowder ready to flare up at the dropping of a casual match. Writing from Washington on January 23, 1896, Mrs. Craigie, herself an American though mostly resident in England, said: "You may imagine with what intense interest I have been watching the political situation. The feeling against England has been terrific; no correspondent could with safety or discretion express it. The foreign population of Irish, Jews, and Germans sway the country, and the native American (of the Revolutionary times) has but a small, still voice in comparison." The outbreak of wrath against this country, which rocked the United States just nineteen years ago, followed upon President Cleveland's memorable message to Congress, peremptorily asserting the exclusive claim of the United States to deal with questions arising between the smallest South American republic and any European Power. For some anxious weeks war between the two countries seemed inevitable. The threatened *casus belli* arose in connection with the question of the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela.

The New French Fiction

TENDENCIES IN WORKS WRITTEN BEFORE THE WAR—A PRAGMATIC REVOLT AGAINST CYNICISM.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, January 1.

Marcel Prévost asked lately: "Who now reads a book of before the war?" It might be answered that readers are found for the books of those whom war has slain and of others like them. It may be explained how a predestined few were already writing war books. They were a part of the reaction, intellectual, moral, religious even, which was already going on and which war has forced physically on the nation.

They have followed no one leader; they are not a school that has grown up around some writer like Paul Bourget or the Margueritte brothers, who were long ago in counteraction to the dilettante, analyzing, skeptical, artistic literature of many schools. Parnassians and Naturalism, Symbolism and Décadents, and Art for Art's sake—they have so lately disappeared that foreigners from the outside still think of them as representing France. These others are not really a school; at most, they have held hands as they marched together where a clear vision of Duty said: "Thou must!"—and their young hearts answered: "I can!" They were not obsessed of the female, nor have they posed in studios. If they must be grouped at all, they are the school of Action to preserve that which is vital in France. Now that the life-struggle has begun, we recognize in them shadows which coming events cast before.

Of Charles Péguy, who more than any other helped to keep this Young France together in the way, and who was one of the first to be killed, I wrote at the time (*Nation*, November 12, 1914). He was not a great poet, and none of these is a great writer, though they have produced great pages; but they are noteworthy for uttering, however incompletely, the new and true spirit of their race. One is particularly notable. Ernest Psichari, lieutenant of colonial artillery, fell on August 22 in Belgium, defending his battery. He was a soldier by profession; and his father, a director at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, took sides violently against the army in the civil dissensions of a few years ago. He was a "Tertiary" of St. Dominic, and—after the war—he intended to enter the Saint's religious order; and his grandfather was Ernest Renan.

"L'Appel des Armes" (Paris: Oudin) was the first work of Ernest Psichari to draw the attention of the general public. He had published before very sincere impressions of the "country of the Sun"—tropical Africa, where he had his colonial experience. Fragments are still to be published of "The Journey of a Centurion," at which he was working when the "call of arms" reached him finally. His work is too young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be compared with the classic of well nigh a century ago, after the wars of Napoleon—Alfred de Vigny's "Military Greatness and Servitude." Still less has it a likeness with the "Confessions of a Child of the Age," by Alfred de Musset, who was "conceived between two battles." Ernest Psichari's book is literature of before this war, and is charged electrically from its near approach; and his Captain Nangès dreams that Vigny's Timoléon d'Arc apostrophizes him, while the young hero prays:

> Make me strong and may I kill many of the enemy. . . . If thou wilt, Lord God, give me the grace to die in a great victory.

The Captain enlists in his regiment this young Maurice Vincent, after converting him from his father's anti-militarism. It is no humanitarian army of philosophers and Pacifists.

To Captain Nangès, who is just an officer doing his duty and no genius, the fact that our age has so many historians and makes so little history is "one of the most astonishing signs of our barbarism." Ernest Psichari has lived long enough to see this well changed; and, without approving paradoxes which are all the more ferocious when detached from their amiable context, there are few Frenchmen now who will not find light, if not sweetness, in the dialogue of Napoleon's soldier and to-day's Captain who was waiting—for what has come:

Timoléon d'Arc: You other soldiers know new grandeurs. You have in your hearts that which we lacked—hatred, and for forty years. . . . We thought only of that great Shade that mastered us—while you are awaiting some one.

Nangès: What the Army was for you, sir, it is to-day for many Frenchmen. They ask themselves where to find some reason for existence—some rule—some law? In the city's disorder, where find a temple still upright?

One of Ernest Psichari's generation says that, for him, one benefit of having a country is to have an army; and the reason for an army's existing is that there may be soldiers. All such reversals of paradox must be taken as a manner of speaking—an extreme protest by those who use it against the limp virtueless life lost in infinite talk around them. Tolstoi, whose paradoxes were just the other way about from a diametrically contrary experience, should be interpreted in like wise. Ernest Psichari said of himself:

> When the author of this story first took up arms in the service of France, it seemed to him that he was beginning a new life.

This tendency is likely to prevail in France for a time. It is a first resultant of many intellectual and sentimental and moral currents making for Pragmatism, which is little more than a scholastic word for common-sense. André Beaunier, who is a generation too old, remarks:

> Scepticism did not sadden us overmuch; but it is very much out of fashion to-day. The new generation in France cries for Dogmatism with as much zeal as we used not to conclude hastily—and not to conclude at all.

And he recalls the story of Kant which scoffing, sensitive Henri Heine invented. With his inseparable servant Lampe, the philosopher goes walking and talking by the way—how Pure Reason shows that all man's assertions and demonstrations of God and the hereafter and all our understanding of the world are invalid. With a start, he perceives that Lampe has dropped the umbrella and is weeping. The faithful Lampe must have a God, or there is no happiness left him; and man ought to be happy in life. So the philosopher brings in Practical Reason to set up again what Pure Reason had knocked down. Not that this young generation pays much heed to philosophers, unless you call Pascal a philosopher, when he tells them: "You are in the boat—you have got to choose." More German philosophy filtered into French heads through Ernest Renan's books than by any other writer; and friend of Ernest Psichari says of him: "Filial piety bade him venerate the grandfather whom his doctrine ordered him to reprobate."

Another such is Robert Vallery-Radot, who has written—also before the war—"L'Homme de Désir" (Paris: Plon), but who finds no family contradiction in his affiliation with Pasteur. That veteran of science was received into the French Academy by Renan himself, and, like these young men, he spoke out his mind, which was not skeptical in the religious sense. Renan parried the attack with his usual smiling indifference, and his acolytes—not saddened overmuch—surmised that Pasteur was religious because he feared death! Young Vallery-Radot makes Pascal's choice from the start, and says:

> Deliver us from Art if Art is to hide God from us!

And he writes a romance which is a form of Art. It is only the beginning of paradoxes, for his hero, in a course running quite smooth, graduates from a pure love of earth into the priesthood with no violent contrast or conversion:

> I am tired of the physiology of contemporary romance. I have dreamed of a book that should tell of True Love—the Love which Dante says moves spheres and souls.

François Mauriac has written delicate poems; in his novel, "L'Enfant chargé de chaînes" (Paris: Grasset), the "child loaded with chains" is striving to escape from fettering literature and art. His Jean Paul suffers religious torment; and, if he is not yet within the Church when the book closes, the door at any rate is wide open. Perhaps the entrance is not made easier by a "Christian Democrat" agitator who is finely portrayed.

In "Les hasards de la guerre" (Paris: Crès), by Jean Variot, we have once more a frankly military vocation. A boy of Strasburg—since Strasburg was conquered—grows up in a life of struggle. Unfit for art or letters, he pores over Clausewitz's "Theory of Great War" and visits fields of great battles. Every country, he concludes, needs an "exemplary caste," which in a democracy can be only Army or Church. So he enlists in the French Foreign Legion and dies wounded at Casablanca in far-away Morocco: "I have been happy during the last days of my life."

With Emile Nolly, under which name Capt. Emile Détanger, of the Colonial Infantry, wrote his four books, we come to completer work in the same spirit where the soldier and citizen are concerned, but with no breath of distressful religious or speculative emotion. Probably he represented more completely, too, the common run of this new Young France.

He was thirty-three and had been through several campaigns in Indo-China and Africa, where he wrote his books on the scene of their action. On September 2 of last year he was fighting in his line where the German army was pouring into France towards Nancy. He was first wounded in the hand, but kept on commanding his company. Almost at once he was wounded again by the hail of shrapnel, and knew it was the end. He had the strength to say to his commanding officer: "Say nothing, so as not to trouble my company." Two of his men helped him to the foot of a tree, where he wrote a few lines to his family. Three days later he was buried in a cemetery of Lorraine. Two of his brothers are officers at the front, and the third is a military engineer fabricating shells. "A French family," says his old editor—"and that is how they are in mourning for him."

"Hiên le Maboul," the first of Emile Nolly's books, was the story of an Annamite sharpshooter, called the "fool," because a sad world's treatment had stupefied him. His French lieutenant, whom his men have named their "two-gallooned ancestor," by kind treatment awakens his benumbed intelligence, only to see him fall victim to a woman. Still the book insists that it is the white man's burden to share his higher civilization with peoples half tiger and half child, and not to use superior culture to organize and exploit them. In "La Barque Annamite" he continued his study of the people whose burden was on his shoulders. The aged Neua builds a bark to cross the bay and go to die by the tombs of his ancestors; and he leaves this message to his grandson tempted by innovating Western wisdom:

> That which comes from our fathers is good to practice. What they have not handed down to us is not worth the trouble of studying and cannot lead to happiness.

"Gens de guerre au Maroc" is a series of sketches of French soldiers in the wars of Morocco. In his last book—just before the war—Emile Nolly, who had little of Pierre Loti's edulcorated literature of the soldier's profession, said prophetically:

> Look at the olive branch of peace which France holds forth (in the statue of the Republic). . . . We, her sons, must give heed without ceasing to save it from barbarians. . . . We must be the conquerors of to-morrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poets of To-Day

Satires of Circumstance. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Sword-Blades and Poppy-Seed. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Open Water. By Arthur Stringer. New York: John Lane. $1.50 net.

In Deep Places. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran. $1.

The Grand Canyon. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Candle Flame. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

A Cluster of Grapes (Twentieth Century Poetry). By Galloway Kyle. London: Erskine Macdonald.

Religious Poems, Love Poems, Sonnets, Patriotic Poems, Poems on Sport. (Five volumes.) Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford University Press. 7d. net each.

Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time. London: John Lane. 75 cents net.

Mr. Thomas Hardy writes verse—anyhow. By turns he is rough, dissonant, mean, bald, pompous, grotesque, all but burlesque, in his metre and diction. But no man throws off—no man sheds—his faults with such curious rapidity and certainty as he. Before his dogged, surly, indomitable vigor they are pushed aside like seaweed or brushwood before the prow of a steamer or the cow-catcher of a locomotive. That vigor is felt still more effectively in phrases that have the edge of things, that rise, on any increase of tension, into piercing emotional intensity or waylaying and ensnaring beauty.

In these poems the loam is grave-mould, the earth's population consists of dreamers and ghosts. Strangely enough, the warmth and concreteness of the treatment overcomes the impalpableness of the material. Never were places more trenchantly localized, or objects stamped with a more convincing authenticity: mere memories in Mr. Hardy put to shame the actualities of most poets, and the flesh-and-blood people of normal writers might warm themselves by contact with his ghosts. All is said in saying that we are dealing yet with the scarcely diminished potency of the imagination that created Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native" and the dairy farms in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Do we find old age in these poems? Old age, in its disenchantment, yes—but not in its palsy: here is ravage, but not decay, desolation combined with vitality.

Of the fifteen short poems to which the title "Satire" is specifically applied I quote the most vivid:

"Sixpence a week," says the girl to her lover,
"Aunt used to bring me, for she could confide
In me alone, she vowed. 'Twas to cover
The cost of her headstone when she died.
And that was a year ago last June;
I've not yet fixed it. But I must soon."
"And where is the money now, my dear?"
"O, snug in my purse . . . Aunt was so
slow
In saving it—eighty weeks, or near." . . .
"Let's spend it," he hints. "For she won't
know.
There's a dance to-night at the Load of Hay."
She passively nods. And they go that way.

What is to be our judgment of that hopeless and desolate philosophy of which the above poem, so perfect in its grim, dubiously poetical kind, is a not untypical example? Men will differ as to whether it be right and useful to inform a death-stricken man of the gravity of his condition; but all men will agree that any imaginative dilatation on the grimness of the situation would be immoral and cruel. The same law applies to the larger unit, humanity. Granting, to oblige Mr. Hardy, that the world is sick to death, and that it will profit by a knowledge of the fact, nothing can justify the use of imagination to magnify the horrors of the circumstance. Moreover, Mr. Hardy fails to note that man derives a certain honor from the abasement of the universe. In a godless and soulless world, every generous and magnanimous act assumes the splendor of an heroic sacrifice performed in a pirate's den or a humane and tender sentiment uttered in a brothel. Mr. Hardy's works, however, are less depressing than his gospel. I think some of us are invigorated by contact with a richer emotional and intellectual life than our own, even when the bent of its philosophy is disheartening.

Miss Lowell, in an interesting and indignant preface, protests against poetry that teaches: she will have nothing but the creation of beauty, nothing but conformity to a "universe which flings down its continents and seas, and leaves them without comment." Excellent: but if the Universe is to be our model, let us be thorough in our discipleship. The Universe never teaches (though, incidentally, it instructs us not to teach); it also never writes prefaces, never employs titles, never affixes signatures. Miss Lowell must write a volume of poems, unprefaced, unentitled, and unsigned, before she is in a position to claim for her work a sisterhood with the continents and the seas.

Her book, as it stands, has two distinguished merits. She is sensitive, first of all, not merely to the charm, but to the sorcery, almost the *diablerie*, of things, things wrought or moulded, swords, pottery, arras, embroideries, or those natural objects, such as tulips or irises, which seem like anticipations or reminiscences of art. The trait recalls Gautier, Balzac, and D'Annunzio, and is illustrated, not quite adequately, in the following passage:

High up, a fan of glancing steel
Was formed of claymores in a wheel.
Jewelled swords worn at Kings' levees
Were suspended next midshipmen's dirks, and
these
Elbowed stilettos come from Spain,
Chased with some splendid Hidalgo's name.
There were Samurai swords from old Japan,
And scimitars from Hindustan,
While the blade of a Turkish yataghan
Made a waving streak of vitreous white,
Upon the wall, in the firelight.
Foils with buttons broken or lost
Lay heaped on a chair, among them tossed
The boarding-pike of a privateer.
Against the chimney leaned a queer
Two-handed weapon, with edges dull,
As though from hacking on a skull.

Miss Lowell's second gift is the lustihood and sparkle of her narrative. In the swashing "Poppy-Seed," the obvious faults, the almost wilful badness of the theme, and the self-mocking insouciance of the style, only emphasize the robustness and celerity of the verse before which the untrammelled narrative scuds and dances like a sail before the wind.

I think Miss Lowell almost invariably successful in her imitation of French metres or non-metres, but, in my judgment, that success is indicative rather of her skill than of their value. Her literary failing is expansiveness. Some friend of Miss Lowell's should present her with the second stanza of Gautier's "L'Art" carved on antique bronze with the point of a stiletto. On higher ground, her defect is lack of humanity. Her relative insensibility to normal stimuli is indicated in the fact that, when she seeks the tragic, she finds the revolting.

I feel much more inclined to pardon the abandonment of rhyme in the poems of Mr. Stringer than the abuse of it which enlivens his "foreword." A man who wants a hearing for the dulcimer or theorbo ought not to set his auditors an example of intolerance by too caustic a recital of the faults of the pianoforte. Mr. Stringer is annoyed by the restraints of rhyme. An artist bewailing restraint is, in my eyes, like a soldier complaining of danger; each disowns the occasion of his triumph. But let us not press the "foreword" too narrowly: if the want of rhyme is enfranchisement, the poems will show what it has liberated in Mr. Stringer.

We have before us some sixty short lyrics, five or six of which blend horror with incisiveness; the rest are graceful, melancholy, unarresting—brief, pretty phrases sifting down one by one like leaves or snowflakes, with a leisurely and desultory inconsequence. I should say that the unrhymed verse in these poems was perfectly legitimate, perfectly inoffensive, not markedly effectual, and the reverse of significant. Mournful and fairly melodious as these verses are, they scarcely chant the requiem of rhyme. The best poem deals with a prisoner crossing a court to the gallows:

But in the dusk
Of that walled yard waits a woman;
And as the thing from the cell,
Still guarded and chained and bound,
Crosses that little space,
Silent, for ten brief steps
A woman hangs on his neck.

And that walk from a cell to a sleep
Is known as Life,
And those ten dark steps
Of tangled rapture and tears
Men still call love.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Burr's talents, the variety and force of which are unquestionable, are not least clearly seen in the historical and literary monologues, Browningesque in design, but rather Landoresque in treatment, which introduce the volume. "Petruchio's Wife" is perfect art, and "Allah is with the Patient" is quartered and chamfered like a mediæval shield. The wise chariness of Miss Burr's method in these initial poems is a sanative rebuke to the diffusion, profusion, and confusion that enfeeble latter-day verse.

The rebuke has lost part of its trenchancy when I turn to the serious and intellectual lyrics that compose three-fourths of the volume. Miss Burr is resourceful, capable, many-sided; at all points, both of matter and of form, she seems bent on disarming the critic. Personally, I am disarmed, but I doubt if I am always captured. Substance is weighty and form is chiselled, but I sometimes feel that the incarnation is not complete, that the owner is worthy and the tenement is worthy, but the owner has not built the tenement. But, again, other moments come in which I feel that this gifted woman, when she has finished proving that she is a poet, may really become one. Miss Burr, whose perceptions may be trusted, will understand why I pass by many richly carved gateways of intimidating magnificence to stop at the following humble entrance on which I read an invitation to "come in":

So warm the lighted windows glow
  Across the darkness and the snow—
The trodden road, the sodden road,
The road wherein I choose to go.

The winter skies are steely gray—
  The winter stars are far away.
Light were my feet, when winds were sweet,
But bitter going's mine to-day.

Yet as I trudge, I needs must sing,
  For be he vagabond or king,
A man must choose what he will lose—
And I have known the road in spring.

"The Grand Canyon" of Dr. Van Dyke contains moral and religious landscape-pieces of unexciting merits, poems of home and country dignified by sincere if somewhat preordained feeling, French-dialect verse of authentic charm and humorous ventures in which the author unbends with alacrity and suppleness. Everything is easy to this versatile hand. Other men bewail the coyness of their muses; Dr. Van Dyke's is almost too obliging.

In "Candle Flame," Miss Howard has not reached the level of "Eve." The playlet, nevertheless, has as much prettiness as its fragility will support.

Mr. Kyle's anthology, "A Cluster of Grapes," is inferior to E. M.'s "Georgian Verse," but inspires like hopes. The liberal space conceded to poems of social misery has lessened the mere charm of the volume. A single paralytic may sadden a whole pleasure-ground; he may also be the spur to profitable reflections. The five Oxford anthologies are modest in size, price, and number of selections: the judicious editor has chosen his poems with a conservatism which stops short of timidity, and has qualified his obsequiousness to the classics by a guarded recognition of the merits of contemporaries.

The "War Songs and Sonnets" are pleasant reading for English folk and for sympathetic Americans. If the drum overpowers the lyre in these poems, the time is one when the simpler and manlier instrument may fitly assert its prerogatives. O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES OF THE 'SEVENTIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I chanced upon some keenly interesting passages recently in René Vallery-Radot's "Life of Pasteur," whose work has saved more lives than war has sacrificed:

"Visions of death amongst soldiers in their prime and children in their infancy hung over the Academy meeting hall. It was at one of those mournful sittings, on a dark autumn afternoon, that Chevreul, an octogenarian member of the Institute, who, like Pasteur, had believed in civilization and in the binding together of nations through science, art, and letters, looking at the sacks of earth piled outside the windows to save the library from the bursting shells, exclaimed in loud, desolate tones:

"'And yet we are in the nineteenth century and a few months ago the French did not even think of a war which has put their capital into a state of siege and traced around its walls a desert zone where he who sowed does not reap! And there are public universities where they teach the Beautiful, the True, and the Right.'"

"Might goes before Right," Bismarck said. A German journalist invented another phrase which went the round of Europe: "The psychological moment for bombardment." On January 5, one of the first Prussian shells sank into the garden of the Ecole Normale; another burst in the very ambulance of the Ecole. Bertin, the sub-director, rushed through the suffocating smoke and ascertained that none of the patients were hurt; he found the breach between two beds. The miserable patients dragged themselves downstairs to the lecture rooms on the ground floor, not a much safer refuge.

From the heights of Châtillon the enemy's batteries were bombarding all the left bank of the Seine, the Prussians, regardless of the white flags bearing the red cross of Geneva, were aiming at the Val-de-Grâce and the Panthéon. "Where is the Germany of our dreams?" wrote Paul de St. Victor on January 9, "the Germany of the poets? Between her and France an abyss of hatred has opened, a Rhine of blood and tears that no peace can ever bridge over."

On that same date, Chevreul read the following declaration to the Academy of Science:

"The Garden of Medicinal Plants, founded in Paris || by an edict of King Louis XIII, || dated January, 1626, || Converted into the Museum of Natural History || by a decree of the Convention on June 10, 1793, || was Bombarded, || under the reign of Wilhelm I King of ||Prussia, Count von Bismarck, Chancellor, || by the Prussian army, during the night || of January 8-9, 1871. || It had until then been respected by all parties || and all powers, national or || foreign. (188-9). . ."

King Wilhelm had once said, "Prussia's conquests must be of the moral kind," and Pasteur had not thought of any other conquests.

When in 1868 the University of Bonn conferred upon him the diploma of doctor of medicine, saying that "by his very penetrating experiments, he had much contributed to the knowledge of the history of the generation of micro-organisms, and had happily advanced the progress of the science of fermentations," he had been much pleased at this acknowledgment of the future opened to medical studies by his work, and he was proud to show the degree he had received.

"Now," he wrote (January 18, 1871), to the head of the Faculty of Medicine, after recalling his former sentiments, "now the sight of that parchment is odious to me, and I feel offended at seeing my name, with the qualification of *Virum clarissimum* that you have given it, placed under a name which is henceforth an object of execration to my country, that of *Rex Gulielmus*.

"While highly asseverating my profound respect for you, Sir, and for the celebrated professors who have affixed their signatures to the decision of the members of your Order, I am called upon by my conscience to ask you to efface my name from the archives of your Faculty, and to take back that diploma, as a sign of the indignation inspired in a French scientist by the barbarity and hypocrisy of him who, in order to satisfy his criminal pride, persists in the massacre of two great nations." Pasteur's protest ended with these words—

"Written at Arbois (Jura) on January 18, 1871, after reading the mark of infamy inscribed on the forehead of your King by the illustrious director of the Museum of Natural History, M. Chevreul."

"This letter will not have much weight with a people whose principles differ so totally from those that inspire us," said Pasteur, "but it will at least echo the indignation of French scientists" (189-90).

Regnault had left his laboratory utensils in his rooms at the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, of which he was the manager. Everything was apparently left in the same place, not a window was broken, no locks forced; but a Prussian, evidently an expert, had been there. "Nothing seemed changed," writes J. B. Dumas, "in that abode of science, and yet everything was destroyed; the glass tubes of barometers, thermometers, etc., were broken; scales and other similar instruments had been carefully knocked out of shape with a hammer." In a corner was a heap of ashes; they were the registers, notes, manuscripts, all Regnault's work of the last ten years. "Such cruelty," exclaimed J. B. Dumas, "is unexampled in history. The Roman soldier who butchered Archimedes in the heat of the onslaught may be excused—he did not know him; but with what sacrilegious meanness could such a work of destruction as this be accomplished!!!" (191-2).

Few men in France realized at that time that laboratories could be the vestibule of farms, factories, etc.; it was indeed a noble task, that of proving that science was intended to lighten the burden of humanity, not merely to be applied to devastation, carnage, and hatred.

Pasteur was in the midst of these philosophical reflections when he received the following answer from the principal of the Faculty of Medicine of Bonn:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sir, the undersigned, now Principal of the Faculty of Medicine of Bonn, is requested to answer the insult which you have dared to offer to the German nation in the sacred person of its august Emperor, King Wilhelm of Prussia, by sending you the expression of its *entire contempt*."—DR. MAURICE NAUMANN.

"P. S.—Desiring to keep its papers *free from taint*, the Faculty herewith returns your screed."

Pasteur's reply contained the following: "I have the honour of informing you, Mr. Principal, that there are times when the expression of contempt in a Prussian mouth is equivalent for a true Frenchman to that of *Virum clarissimum* which you once publicly conferred upon me."

After invoking, in favor of Alsace-Lorraine, truth, justice, and the laws of humanity, Pasteur added in a postscript—

"And now, Mr. Principal, after reading over both your letter and mine, I sorrow in my heart to think that men who like yourself and myself have spent a lifetime in the pursuit of truth and progress, should address each other in such a fashion, founded on my part on such actions. This is but one of the results of the character your Emperor has given to this war. You speak to me of *taint*. Mr. Principal, taint will rest, you may be assured, until far-distant ages, on the memory of those who began the bombardment of Paris when capitulation by famine was inevitable, and who continued this act of savagery after it had become evident to all men that it would not advance by one hour the surrender of the heroic city" (197).

What great philosopher said, "We learn from history that we learn nothing from history"?

DAVID TODD.

Amherst, December 28, 1914.

COLLECTIVE PERSONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent correspondent of the *Evening Post* calls attention to an article by Prof. Kuno Francke in the November *Atlantic* in which he says "that the state . . . might be considered as a spiritual, collective personality, leading a life of its own, beyond and above the life of individuals; . . . these are thoughts utterly foreign to the American mind, and very near and dear to the heart of a German." The correspondent then suggests that, owing to the unhappy influence of German political and social philosophy, such thoughts are not so far from the modern American mind as Professor Francke thinks. Doubtless he is right. At the same time it may be asked whether the divinity of the state is not implied in all forms of exaggerated patriotism; and in any case it may be illuminating to meet the doctrine upon its own grounds. Superficially, at least, it seems that the character and the actions of states are not wholly lacking in personal quality; and whether such personality be real or fictitious, it seems almost a necessity to make use of some convention of personality in formulating the relations of states to one another. The important questions would then be: what kind of a person does a given state pretend to be? and how far is the assumption of personality justified by an ideal truly personal and "spiritual"?

Conceived as a personality, the state is the typical individual "writ large." Now it is dangerous to dogmatize about national types, but all must agree that one typical German trait is a passion for order. No other people in the world finds a more sincere delight in the details of housekeeping, private or public. On the surface, at least, no other people seems to have solved so nearly the problem of enjoying life as it is. And the German state is a true reflection of the German love of order. Yet beneath this love of order, which to a casual observer makes the German sometimes an enviable, but at other times an intolerably prosaic being, the closer and more sympathetic observer will quickly detect an intense, though at most times slumbering, passion for the romantic; an intensity of romanticism by the side of which the rest of us seem mere Philistines. Beneath an apparently contented absorption in "bread and butter," your German is dreaming ever of an emancipation of the spirit in which he has once for all overcome the petty limitations of time and circumstance.

This is the German "idealism"—*unser Idealismus*. And since this ideal personality has been set free by the recent upheaval some traits of his character have become suddenly objectified. There is nothing superficial in the references of recent writers to the Nietzschean superman. The superman is a true, though somewhat unexpected, explication of German "idealism," and true if still only partial. Nothing obliges us to suppose that the superman is instinctively cruel. His ruthlessness is simply a part of his disdain of all reckoning. His primary trait is an impulsive antipathy to the doubts and hesitations imposed by the necessity of reasoning—just as an antipathy to narrowing intellectual considerations is characteristic of German idealism generally. Guileful the superman may be, but in him intelligence is confined to the means; it is never allowed to transform the ends. His intelligence never prompts him to take a critical view of his own demands upon life and thus to measure them with the demands of others. The superman, in a word, is the hero of the Nibelungenlied casting his shadow before; he is the embodiment, not of heroic wisdom and self-direction, but of mighty primeval passions breaking down in their rage the floodgates of narrow-minded conventionality and rejoicing in a glorious emancipation of the spirit.

This is the collective personality whose appetites for conquest and expansion we are now called upon to respect as personal rights. We have only to measure this collective person by any of the criteria of personal action applied to individuals to perceive at once that the metaphor of the person has been turned upside-down. If we see a motor-car dashing headlong through the street, our first thought will be, perhaps, that the driver has fallen out; our second, that he is drunk, and that the person has been replaced by the beast. We first feel certain that the car is under personal guidance when it shows a skill in avoiding obstacles. We know that a ship is personally guided when it responds to our signals. In all individual action the evidences of personal motivation are found, not in any impetuosity of passion or momentum, but in self-mastery and skill in making adjustments; not, however, in the blind repression of desire, but in the responsible and intelligent prosecution of desire. The person *par excellence* is he who knows how to come to terms with the demands of other persons and to gain his own ends more completely by co-operating with theirs.

Judged by this criterion of personality, we must hesitate to accord to the German state, or to any other state, a personality of any very high degree. Least of all may we grant this attribute to a collectivity which can justify its claims by nothing more intelligent than an appetite for conquest and expansion which it can neither alter nor overcome. In the "spiritual" scale of personality such a collective person belongs, hardly among the gods, but rather among the beasts; among the mighty beasts, like the whales, whose chief heroic attributes are their mass and strength. It was not for nothing that Hobbes used the term "Leviathan" as title for his treatise on the state. Like the "leviathans" of transatlantic fame, these social monsters are far more difficult to steer than smaller craft. Ever ready to collide, it seems that nothing less than a miracle will check them when they are once under way. Put together an individual Frenchman, Englishman, Russian, and German, and the chances are fair that they will settle their differences, if not like gentlemen, at least like intelligent human beings; the corresponding nations can only fall to and rend one another. In the international code of manners accommodation is weakness, concession is rank folly; and it is accounted almost immoral to recognize any responsibility towards your neighbor. All of this precisely reverses the conception of personality. Personal intelligence implies social responsibility. If the state is not to be held responsible, it can only be because, in the last analysis, it has none of the attributes of intelligence and is therefore not a person, but an instrument.

The theory of the divine irresponsibility of the state is not peculiar to the Germans. In every nation under the sun the youth are taught, as a part of the virtue of patriotism, that it is laudable to do for one's country what it would be shameful to do for one's self; that, while individuals are bound by the obligations of honor and justice, of generosity and high-mindedness, the state is bound by nothing but a greedy prudence. It is hardly suggested that the state, especially when it is one's own state, is to be judged admirable or contemptible by the same criteria that apply to individuals. Nor is the same code applied to statesmen. We are hardly to suppose that the German Chancellor would treat a private obligation as a scrap of paper, or that the Foreign Secretary would trespass wilfully upon his neighbor's preserves; nor may we think of Col. Roosevelt as shouting gleefully, "I took it," after dispossessing a weaker neighbor of a valuable diamond pin.

This is to suggest, however, that the personality of the state, though remote from present fact, may none the less embody an appropriate international ideal. For the matter of that, mechanical developments, if nothing more, are forcing the nations of the world into an ever more compact society and imposing upon each of them, as a condition of existence, ever more of that readier responsiveness which now marks the individual person. Under these conditions, however, the superiority of the collective personality to moral considerations is a doctrine hopelessly out of date.

WARNER FITE.

Pasadena, Cal., December 31, 1914.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "JITNEY 'BUS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A correspondent from Los Angeles asks, in your issue for January 14, for information as to the meaning of the word "jitney." It is the Jewish slang term for a nickel; so that "jitney 'bus" means simply a 'bus charging a fare of five cents. The word is not found in my Century Dictionary (first edition). Whether it is a transformation of some Yiddish word, or is merely coined slang of the Ghetto, I cannot ascertain.

The jitney-'bus service, originating in Los Angeles, has spread to San Francisco, thence to the cities of Puget Sound, and is seriously threatening the prosperity and even the solvency of the traction service. In San Francisco a United Railways official recently declared that if it continues the street railways will have to go out of business; and in Seattle the traction companies are seeking to induce the City Council to destroy the 'bus competition by prohibitory taxation—an application of Marshall's maxim that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." This new line of activity is an evolution from the cheapening of automobiles coupled with the pressure for employment due to the general lessening at present of industrial activity. A "used car," into which seven or eight passengers can be packed and seated, may be rented at below $15 per month; gasolene, the source of the power, costs a fraction of a cent a mile; the average length of the runs does not exceed, in Seattle, three miles; the seating capacity is usually filled, the service being popular because in such a 'bus there can be no relegating a passenger to a "strap" (the auto-top being too low for standing), and because there is always a latent antagonism of the masses towards a powerful corporation. The result of these factors is that numberless young men otherwise out of employment, many of them with little or no previous experience of "auto-navigation," are rushing into this service, and it yields them a comfortable net revenue. The service, scarcely a fortnight old here, is as yet wholly individual, but steps are being taken towards consolidation and organization. The jitney 'bus bids fair to live unless taxed to death; but of course it must shortly be subjected to municipal license and supervision for the safety of passengers and the public.

This development raises an interesting economic problem. The traction companies must earn interest on the capital invested in tracks and the paving of about one-third of the street width, in heavy and expensive rolling stock, and in costly plants for the development and distribution of power. From all these burdens the auto is exempt, setting over against them only the cost or rental of a cheap vehicle and the small outlay for liquid fuel. With four- and five-cent fares, it is stated that the average cost of carrying each street-railway passenger is about three and three-fifths cents. The auto-'bus revenue is probably nearly 50 per cent. clear profit to the driver (that is, his wages). The great number of passengers carried has hitherto made the traction enterprise profitable, on a very small net return per capita; but the withdrawal of nearly half of those carried, by this new competitor, must in the end mean passed dividends, and may mean defaulted bond interest. We cannot do without the traction line—that would be retrogression. We should not, through governmental action, choke a competitor who has no franchise but to whom the public streets ought to be as free as to other vehicles, subject to a reasonable license fee. How shall the problem be worked out? Thomas R. Shepard.

Seattle, January 19.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Martin Schütze calls attention to a misprinted line in the citation from his "Songs and Poems" (*Nation*, January 7, page 13). In justice to Professor Schütze, the poem is here reproduced, corrected and complete:

I spoke of morns of love to her;
Her swelling lips wore blushes, lo!
As if in them began to stir
The buds of kisses soon to blow.

I spoke of nights of love to her,
Her swelling bosom trembled, lo!
As if within began to stir
The buds of life eager to blow.

O. W. Firkins.

University of Minnesota, January 23.

THE DEVIL'S FAVORITE SIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Byron's spiteful coupling of a woman and an epitaph as equally unworthy of belief will be brought to mind by John A. Joyce's last claim to the authorship of

Laugh, and the world laughs with you.

The opening lines of the disputed poem he took pains to have graven on his tombstone, with his name appended, in defiance of the counterclaim of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Here the public is forced to choose whether it will believe a woman or an epitaph. And what is left for Mrs. Wilcox to do in response to this boldest of challenges? As long as Joyce lived, he was within reach of her accusation of plagiarism, and the personal equation was not to be ignored by any one familiar with the antecedents of both parties to the contest; but now that he has carried his claim across the grave, and made it as conspicuous and as enduring as the rock into which it is chiselled, how can his posthumous offence—if offence it is—be met, and posterity set right as to the philosophy of laughter and tears? Here is a problem for the lawyers; and how serious it may be is shown by the fact that, after nearly a hundred years, the reading public are still wondering whether Coleridge or Shelley first discovered what was the devil's favorite sin.

Francis E. Leupp.

Washington, D. C., January 22.

BROWNING AND SLANG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Should any student have so far detached himself from the preponderant martial interests of the moment as to be collecting high-class authorities for present-day slang, he may be interested in the following stanza from Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." The italics, of course, are not the poet's:

I never shall join its flight,
For naught buoys flesh in air.
If it touch the sea—*good night!*
Death sure and swift waits there.

Warwick James Price.

Philadelphia, January 21.

Literature

A GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN.

The Life of Thomas Brackett Reed. By Samuel W. McCall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

One lays down Mr. McCall's book with a sense of disappointment that, being so good, it is not better. Thomas B. Reed, during the years of his greatest activity, was not only, as Mr. McCall represents him, the most forceful personality in either house of Congress, but also the most vivid and picturesque; and these latter qualities, albeit they went far towards explaining his success, are left almost untouched by our author, who has given us a generally correct conventional portrait in black and white instead of a speaking likeness in colors.

In estimating Reed's services as a lawmaker, Mr. McCall lays the greatest stress upon his reforms in parliamentary procedure, and this judgment is abundantly borne out by the fact that the very men who, as a minority party in the House of Representatives, resisted to the verge of violence his measures for compelling the House to do business, were driven later, as a majority party, to put his quorum-counting principle into operation. Indeed, it is interesting to be reminded, as Mr. McCall reminds us, that Reed himself came to Congress firmly convinced of the virtue of the old rules, and devised his own as the result of intimate experience. Reed was too large a man to be frightened by the jeer of inconsistency. When in a debate over a position he was taking on a question of order he was met by a quotation to the opposite effect from his own little manual of parliamentary procedure, he disposed of the sally with the good-natured response that the book was mistaken. His ability to rebuke pettiness in a large way was displayed also in his moving, as leader of the minority in the Fifty-second Congress, the customary vote of thanks to the Democratic Speaker which the Democrats in the Fifty-first Congress had refused to himself.

Mr. McCall is so stanch an admirer of Reed that he glosses over certain incidents of which the public would have appreciated an authentic version. For example, he gives Reed well-deserved credit for his patriotic course in steering the Fifty-first Congress away from the free silver coinage precipice instead of leaving the country to take its chance of an effective veto from Harrison; but we search in vain for any account of the dramatic climax of that struggle—the physical concealment of the vicious act after its return to the House from the Senate till the Speaker could assure himself of the presence of a sound-money quorum. On the same score of silence, there is room for criticism of Mr. McCall's treatment of the shelving of Reed for McKinley at the Republican National Convention of 1896. His disposition to throw so much of the blame upon the cowardice of Reed's manager, Joseph Man-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ley, will be challenged by most political observers familiar with the proceedings at St. Louis that year.

It may be doubtful whether any eleventh-hour assault could have carried the day against the solid cohorts massed by Marcus A. Hanna before the opening of the battle. But a little more courage on Reed's part at an earlier juncture might have prevented Hanna from getting such a body together. It was obvious at least a year before the convention that the struggle of 1896 was going to be over the money issue, to the disparagement of the tariff and everything else. McKinley's record on finance was sadly unsettled; Reed's was positive on the right side, and the business men of the country were looking for a leader. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, widely assumed to be in sympathy with Reed's aspiration to the Presidency, was quoted in an extensively published interview as squinting at a Republican policy that excited alarm among the gold-standard advocates, and a score of editors were ready to place their columns at Reed's disposal to tell the country just what he did think on the money question. It was his golden opportunity, but he was not quite equal to rising to it. This episode Mr. McCall ignores entirely, though it is hardly conceivable that he was not acquainted with the facts.

Of course, we are treated in the book to a number of Reed's witticisms which have already become classic, like the fly-in-amber retort, the denial that any gentleman weighs more than two hundred pounds, and some pertinent reflections on the "benevolent assimilation" theory of territorial expansion. Mr. McCall gives us a few others which are not so widely known, like the conversation with Amos Allen about a picture of the old homestead where the future Speaker was born. "That's a pretty good-looking house to be born in," remarked Allen. "But I wasn't born in the whole house, Amos," answered Reed; "I was only born in that end of it"—pointing to one wing. "Well," persisted Allen, "that end of it would be a good-looking house to be born in." "But I wasn't born in the whole end of it, Amos; I was only born in two or three of the upper rooms."

Reed was still a young man, at college, when he formulated his religious creed, at least as to the problem of a future existence. He believed that we shall begin the new life where we leave off in the old. "If I can make myself like the great and good of past ages," he reasoned, "when I reach Heaven I shall sit down with St. Paul and Abraham and Isaac. . . . If I become an unscrupulous villain, I shall probably have to sit down with that rascally Jacob, who took advantage of his brother's hunger to cheat him out of his birthright and then filched from him his father's blessing."

We rarely think of Reed as a progressive leader in the commonly accepted sense, yet Mr. McCall shows him as the author of a report from the Judiciary Committee of the House which places him in the vanguard of the woman suffrage movement as far back as 1882. He ranged himself on the side of the women because they have "the same life, liberty, and property to protect" as the men; and asked: "What right can there be in refusing representation to those who"—by virtue of their very difference of nature from men—"might take juster views about many social and political questions?" Early in his legislative career, also, he had reached conclusions on the subject of Indian education which differed from those entertained by many of the philanthropic leaders of that day, but have since won their way to acceptance by the most intelligent students of the question—that the diffusion of enlightenment among the whole race was preferable to the special instruction of a select few.

A valuable feature of the volume is a graduated series of portraits of its hero, reproduced from ambrotypes and photographs, and therefore having the merit of faithfulness irrespective of æsthetic considerations. To the physiognomist they will exemplify the proverb that the boy is father to the man; for even the face of the lad of thirteen is only an immature condensation of the face of the veteran of sixty-two. Reed's parents are shown also, and it can be seen at a glance that his upper head came by inheritance from his father, and his eyes and mouth with as much certainty from his mother.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sleeping Waters. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Here Mr. Trevena is far more intelligible, as well as more agreeable, than in "Wintering Hay" or its immediate predecessors. By the use of a species of dream-machinery he gains outlet for the expression of the strain of mysticism which has more than once been too much for him as a story-teller. The central figure is "Father Jack," a young London priest, whose whole life has been in streets and slums. Worn out by his labors, and touched already with the white plague, he is hurried off to Dartmoor, in spite of himself, by devoted friends, and ordered to stay there until he is well. With rest and good nursing he does get well in body, puts on sixty pounds, and in his convalescence becomes another man. For his health has robbed him of the will to serve and to suffer, and filled him with the will to be and to enjoy. Religion ceases to mean anything to him; he becomes a careless, happy pagan. Then comes the shock of a terrible physical strain, under which (or is it because of the "sleeping waters" of which he has drunk?) he quite loses consciousness of the real world about him, and lives in a world of fancy. Here imagination supplies him with a strangely consecutive series of experiences, transmuting the sufficiently commonplace persons who are actually about him into creatures of mystery and even of tragedy. Chief among them is Mary, the girl who has been his companion and helper in London, and has grown to love him as a man. In his dream-experience she becomes a sort of sprite who has taken the form of a country lass. She is the leprecaun or fair-wife (Mr. Trevena uses neither term) who embodies nature with the unmoral grace of Nature. Without hesitation, and in spite of warnings, the new Father Jack gives his heart to her. At the moment when their union seems assured, the malign element in her nature gets the upper hand; she causes him to murder her enemy, and disappears forever. The imaginary crime is the last chapter in the dream-story. Father Jack becomes himself again. His sixty pounds have disappeared, and his indifference to religion. But he has gained lasting health of body and soul; and this (so we read the author) involves the fulfilment of his nature as a man, not less than the fulfilment of his duties as a priest. Consequently, since he cannot remain a Roman Catholic and marry, he chooses to become an apostate.

"You and I, dear Mary," he says comfortably, "walked together through that narrow life unlawfully. Still together . . . we may continue our work, united no more in fancy, but in the reality of the fullest life, in the eternal verity of love. Mary, my saviour!" cried Anger, drawing her closely to him, "I am awake!"

It must be owned that there is something a little casual and offhand, to the least Catholic of readers, in this conclusion of an interesting tale.

Beauty and Nick. By Philip Gibbs. New York: The Devin-Adair Co.

The colored frontispiece shows a serpentine female at least nine feet tall staring dully at a tiny young man who appears to be entering her boudoir; and with the subtitle which confronts it, "A Novel of the Stage and the Home," prepares the reader for something feeble and lurid—unless by some chance he may know the author's name. It is well known in England. Mr. Gibbs is another of the still young writers who have won, and apparently been content with, an established reputation on their own island. He has written eight novels, four books of history, four of essays, and half a play (he was co-author with Cosmo Hamilton of "Menders of Nets"). His most successful novels are "The Street of Adventure" and "Helen of Lancaster Gate." For all this writing he has had the usual British preparation of active journalistic experience. But the reader will not need all this information to perceive, after a few pages, that the present story is the work of a practiced hand. Nick is son to a poor but honest author known to us as Bristles, and Beauty an actress, popular and frail. Beauty and Bristles get on no better than might be expected. From the beginning Nick is in an atmosphere of bickering and unrest. Beauty has too little character and Bristles too little charm; finally she goes too far, and the boy and the man are left to themselves. To the man, after a time, comes a second adventure in love, which comes to nothing. Nick also has failed to grasp that kind of happiness; and we leave the two, father and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son, with nothing to hope for but what they can give each other. That is not little, for though their dreams have separated them for a time, there is a real and deep sympathy between them which gives good hope of their getting a new grip on life together. The pathos of the situation is brought out with that supra-feminine unction which has so frequently characterized the mood of the writing Briton in recent years.

The Orchard Pavilion. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

The simple structure of Mr. Benson's homiletic tale is ingeniously devised to combine philosophical sermonizing with a philosophical study of character. Three university students foregather in a hot July at a Cotswolds cottage which they call the pavilion, and there discuss religion and life. One confesses an æsthetic ideal; a second, a theologian, means to search after God and the ways of the conscience; the third is a materialist, who wishes to be strong, to get what he likes, and to be felt. All is conveniently clear-cut in Mr. Benson's categorizing. Thirty years after, when the æsthete is a novelist of distinction, the materialist a judge, and the theologian a country clergyman, they are invited again to meet for a day at the pavilion. In spite of the apparent gratification of all their ambitions, the novelist and the judge admit an undercurrent of dissatisfaction and longing in their lives, while the canon alone professes a ripe content with the universe. Its basis he expounds to them that night, and its motives and blessedness to them and the parish at church next morning. As in all his books, Mr. Benson's style is not without a certain charm, and his thought, limp and superficial in many ways, has an appealing scholarly quietness. The downright ethical motive, however, gives much of this particular volume an aroma of quintessential priggishness.

Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. By R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This prize-winning novel shows that British popular taste differs little from that of America. The story opens near Nouméa, whence three malefactors of unusual daring and skill escape with a bribed skipper, whose throat they cut to avoid making payment. The next scene presents us a stuffy Paris café, where the three "invisibles"—so-called for their ability to escape detection—plot revenge against the man Gaspard, who, twenty years before, has betrayed them for a huge reward. The third stage in the story brings us to an English country estate, from which are stolen irreplaceable old masterpieces and treasures of staggering value; the owner, however, refuses police investigation for reasons of his own, and makes light of his losses. There are thrills in these first hundred pages which combine the most lurid effects of Joseph Conrad, A. Conan Doyle, and Eugène Sue. Through the remainder of the book ingenuity of plot, completeness of suspense, and overt renunciation of plausibility for swiftness of action, attend a tale that should hold young men's attention. The competition was conducted by the London *Daily Express.*

HISTORY ABRIDGED.

History of Mexico. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Co. $2.

The "History of Mexico," further described on the title-page as "a popular history of the Mexican people from the earliest primitive civilization to the present time," is a partial revision of the same author's "Popular History of the Mexican People," published in 1887. The change in wording of the title seems to indicate a distinct change in purpose, which is not, however, consistently executed. In 1887, Mr. Bancroft said:

> But it is the people, their origin and environment, their nature and development, their virtues and their shortcomings, their loves and hates, and the gross wrongs flung upon them by foreign foes, their long struggle for freedom, for physical and intellectual emancipation—it is regarding these things that the pages of this book are chiefly occupied.

Now, however, he says:

> This volume was written and printed, in part, in 1887 under title of "A Popular History of the Mexican People," the term "People," in the absence of an intelligent middle class as the mainstay of the body politic essential in every properly ordained republican government, applying to the upper element rather than to the lower or menial order of society.

The author contends that in his work "a complete history of this fascinating region in all its parts, from the indigenous civilization of the opaque past to the mad doings of to-day, is given, let us hope, in sufficient detail to meet the requirements of the scholar as well as the general reader." No scholar, however, would be easily satisfied with an historian who asserts, as does Mr. Bancroft, that since he began the study of Mexico's indigenous civilization sixty years ago, "no new facts not here presented have come to light." As little would a thorough student be satisfied with the treatment given the Mexican War of 1846-1848, since Mr. G. L. Rives's "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848," has appeared.

Although in speaking of "no new facts not here presented," Mr. Bancroft seems to imply that there may be some new material in this edition, the book is practically a reprint, following the same pagination as the edition of 1887, as far as page 527, without a change. In the earlier edition, the chapter which ended at this page speaks of Diaz's second administration, together with his first, as the "Golden Age of Mexico." In the present work, the space on this page that was formerly occupied by an illustration is employed to summarize the chief results of the Diaz régime. Following this, in the original work, were chapters dealing with institutions, society, cities, occupations, literature, and many other matters, occupying almost one hundred pages. There is now inserted at page 528 a rapid though highly colored summary, entitled, Fall of Diaz and Anarchy; Madero, Huerta, Villa, Carranza, Zapata, and American Intervention. The other material, formerly so extended, is now compressed in the short chapter, Mexico Past and Present. Hence, except for this brief review of recent changes in Mexico, which have not yet come to a point which the historian can properly reckon as ending the period of turmoil following Diaz, the volume is virtually a reprint of the edition of 1887.

At that time Mr. Bancroft in the preface to the work spoke of it as a "volume abstracted from my larger work." The manner in which the five large volumes on Mexico were composed, and their consequent value, as well as that of the other series dealing with "Native Races" and various Western State histories, have long been a subject of debate. They constitute an encyclopædia of materials, rather than a history. It had been the original intention of Mr. Bancroft to produce an encyclopædia, but this scheme was abandoned for the laurels of the man of letters and historian, including the honorary degree of master of arts at Yale.

To digest the enormous mass of documents, books, and pamphlets which Mr. Bancroft had collected, he employed a corps of assistants, and his share in the composition of the works bearing his name grew increasingly less with the progress of the work. Apart from introductions, some re-writing, and general direction, the larger "History of Mexico" was prepared and composed by a number of assistants, including Nemos, Savage, Peatfield, Griffin, Harcourt, and Oak. Some of these were trustworthy and expert workers in their fields, so that, in spite of the fact that the share of each cannot be identified, the work is, in the unabridged form, not without value. The conception of history, however, which inspired this vast undertaking was not one likely to result in an adequate popular abridgment, and whatever its merits, the mere reprinting of the 1887 edition with journalistic additions does not add to its utility.

The present edition retains the old plates, and the illustrations have suffered badly from wear. The old pieces are suppressed after page 527, and in place of the doubtful early wood-engravings we have pen-drawings of Villa and other leaders, of unquestionable crudity. Many of the illustrations have, as in the first edition, no designation of what they represent. The dubious mass of lines and shadows appearing at the bottom of page 450 as an ornamental tail-piece has already done duty on page 3 as the "Summit of Iztaccihuatl." The so-called "Fainting-Stone" shown on page 15 was proved many years ago to be merely a rear view of a monolith, which was pictured as a distinct monument in the publication that was presumably Mr. Bancroft's source (A. Chavero

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in "México á través de los Siglos," Barcelona, 1877).

The spelling of Spanish words and names has been left unchanged in the earlier part of the volume, although the growth of uniformity in writing native names has resulted sometimes in a generally adopted spelling different from that employed by Mr. Bancroft in 1887. In the chapter dealing with the Fall of Diaz and Anarchy we read of Rafael Hermandez and Manuel Calaro, gentlemen universally known as Hernández and Calero, respectively. In writing the name José María Suárez, an accent is bestowed on José, but one is denied María.

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

The Piscatory Eclogues of Jacopo Sannazaro. Edited by Wilfred P. Mustard. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.

Sannazaro's fame to-day rests mainly upon his pastoral romance, "Arcadia," a work regarded by its author as a youthful indiscretion. His greatest achievement, in the judgment of his contemporaries, was his Virgilian epic on the Nativity, "De Partu Virginis," a poem which obtained the benediction of two Popes and which is at least a most interesting document in the history of Christian humanism. The "Arcadia" was also surpassed, thought the critics of that day, by the "Piscatory Eclogues." Here the author justifiably declares himself the inventor of a literary form. The twenty-first idyll of Theocritus, or if not of Theocritus then of some poet notably his peer, deals with the life of fishers, and is redolent with the brine of the sea. It does not, however, establish the piscatory eclogue as a class: it shows rather that the pastorals of Theocritus belong with it in the larger category of the mime. Similar material may be found in the marine dialogues of Lucian and the letters of fishermen in Alciphron, but Sannazaro had the same right as Ovid and Horace in pretending to the establishment of a type. Curiously, with the later invention of sailor-eclogues and vine-dresser eclogues, pastoral poets were all unconsciously returning to the more inclusive type of the realistic mime, whence the bucolic eclogue had sprung.

Various critics have regretted that the invention was ever made. Dr. Johnson and his tribe queerly objected that the sea lacks variety and is an unknown and unattractive realm to all but learned readers. Modern critics bring another indictment. Sannazaro serves with the noble army of Virgiliolaters and incurs the inevitable charge of artificiality. His object is to translate pastoral phrases and incidents into terms appropriate for toilers of the sea. Scythes are beaten into tridents, the crook is exchanged for a rod, and the spreading tree becomes a cave on the beach; it is the golden age for the lobster-pot, which had never been exalted to a conventional type before. Instead of Pales and the sylvan deities, Glaucus and the Nereids give to the new conceit the ancient sanction of mythology. The subjects of the new eclogues bespeak their pastoral origin—a lover's lament, an amœbæan contest, a song of incantation. The characters all speak perfect Virgilian. The scenes are described in phrases which, when not found in some ancient poet, are quite what the ancient poet would have used. There is no possible offence against good form. Even when Phyllis mixes seaweed with her bouquet of violets and narcissus, the language somehow shows that this is proper.

Such conventionality, however cleverly managed, would spell the death of the piscatory eclogue, were there not an animating purpose, too. This is Sannazaro's love for every cove and headland on the Bay of Naples. With an imaginative force that takes us back to the creative days of Greek myth, he conjures the indwelling spirits from island and hill, and even from his own villa, where the nymph Mergillina dwells. Of this graceful personification of delightful places endeared to the poet, some traces may be found in Statius, but Pontano and Sannazaro made of it an art and almost a religion. La Cerda, the famous Spanish scholar, rightly maintained that Naples received a greater meed of honor from Sannazaro than from the ancient poet. There is surely nothing in Statius like the sincere and noble panegyric of Naples in the fourth eclogue. Proteus, overheard by two homefaring fishers, sings in the style of Virgil's Silenus, not, however, of cosmic science and primeval myths, but of the glories of the Bay of Naples, its Nereids and Sirens, its Cumæ and Vesuvius, its Virgil and Pontano. This is a theme cosmic enough for Sannazaro, and it makes his poetry enduring. So long as rivers run into the sea and Naples has charm, Sannazaro will find his readers.

For our generation, which has had to depend, barring an insignificant Italian affair, on editions of the eighteenth century and earlier, Professor Mustard comes to the rescue with a text, commentary, and introduction based on careful research and presented in clear and attractive form. The introduction contains a life of the poet and a study of his influence on later poetry. The editor, well qualified for his task by his wide reading both in the ancient literatures and in the literatures of the Renaissance, amasses the important utterances, favorable and unfavorable, on Sannazaro, and quotes reminiscences of phrases or incidents in the Eclogues from Neo-Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, and English writers. The notes, which, though concise, are more extensive than what Sannazaro has received from any editor thus far, include brief descriptions of the several eclogues, explain historical allusions, and cite passages imitated from Virgil, Theocritus, Statius, Ovid, and other ancients. Our only quarrel with the editor is on his failure to include the delightful "Salices," reckoned in various early editions among the "Piscatoria." Still we must admit that this piece, strictly speaking, is not an eclogue. The book is a worthy companion of Professor Mustard's edition of Mantuan published a few years ago, and presages, we hope, still other studies in the Neo-Latin poetry of the Renaissance.

A COUNTRY HOME OF WALES.

Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke. By Albinia Lucy Cust (Mrs. Wherry). Two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $7.50 net.

"On Watt's Dyke, facing westward to the purple ranges of Brondeg, stands Erthig Hall, a solid red brick mansion faced with Cefyn stone." The township of Erthig, now wholly included within the Erthig estate, lies near Wrexham, in Denbighshire, close to the English border. The core of the present mansion was erected by one Joshua Edisbury, near the close of the seventeenth century, at a contract cost of six hundred and seventy-seven pounds ten shillings and nine pence, plastering not included, because "some of ye rooms may be wainscotted and other inferior rooms not plastered at all." The interior finishing in woodwork was also left to a separate contract.

But Joshua Edisbury was too little of a business man and too much given to the cruder gayeties of his time to establish a family in the house which he had built. Debts accumulated, and troublesome creditors were satisfied, if at all, only by making new creditors in other quarters, one of them being Elihu Yale, whose exaction of a bond of four thousand pounds for a loan of two thousand is possibly an indication of his close acquaintance with the irresponsible Mr. Edisbury. Some ten years before Mr. Edisbury's death the estate went into the hands of trustees and was finally purchased by the principal creditor, Mr. John Meller, who entered into complete possession in 1718. Though Mr. Meller moved his possessions to Erthig Hall and did much to develop and embellish the estate, he never married, and at his death, in 1733, it passed to his nephew, Simon Yorke, cousin to Sir Philip Yorke, the jurist, first Earl of Hardwicke. Since that time the Erthig property has remained in the Yorke family, Erthig Hall has been greatly enlarged and beautified, and its occupants have accumulated treasures of family and local history of which these two volumes present but a small part.

The material presented consists chiefly of letters, most of them to or from members of the Edisbury, Meller, and Yorke families. When the owners of the Hall were absent, correspondence with tenants or servants on the estate is not infrequent. None of these letters were written with the slightest thought of possible publication, nor has family pride thought it advisable to edit out of them evidences of illiteracy, or allusions to matters not wholly creditable to the family's earlier reputation. It is an unvarnished picture of the growth of an English family, continually moving upward in the social, moral, and intellectual scale as the generations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pass. The letters of the Edisbury period are absolutely devoid of anything like literary allusion, and Dorothy Hutton, wife of the first of the Yorke family at Erthig, had but little formal education. Gradually, however, the Roman poets begin to appear in the good old English style, the spelling begins to slough off its crudities, and Erthig Hall becomes the home of intellectual culture. One finds in the new Britannica an incidental reference to its fine collection of Welsh manuscripts. It is a good specimen to-day of the British country home of wealth refined by character and culture, but the spirit of the age has interfered with its surroundings: "On it year by year the march of civilization has set a devastating hand. As far as eye can see Heaven's blue canopy is dimmed with foul smoke; into smiling valleys are crowded squalid villages; the limpid brooklets are poisoned with chemical discharge, and like a giant breathing heavily in sleep the rhythmic beat of powerful engines breaks the sweet stillness of the summer night." For Providence set Erthig too near to the rich mineral deposits of northern Wales.

Professors in Council

THE NEWLY FOUNDED AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

The organization of an Association of American Professors, which was completed at a meeting recently held in New York city, is an event of sufficient importance to call for more than a passing notice. The thought of bringing professors in American colleges and universities together, so as to form a body before which questions of general interest and importance could be placed and which on occasions could also speak with a degree of authority—this thought has been, so to speak, in the air for some years. It was no doubt suggested in part by incidents, of rather frequent occurrence during the last decade or so, involving freedom of teaching as well as academic standards of professional conduct.

In addition to this aspect of the situation it has been felt for some years that an opportunity should be afforded to those devoting their life to instruction and research in connection with the higher educational institutions in this country, to come together independently of their special activities for which sufficient provision is made by the large number of scientific associations meeting annually for the reading of papers and technical discussions. Some means of intercommunication over and above these special interests seemed to be called for, not, as should be emphasized at the outset, in any sense of a "union" but for the consideration of the larger problems of college and university instruction, and of the status of instructors and investigators, of importance to all irrespective of any special branch of knowledge.

The suggestions and proposals for the formation of such a body led to a preliminary meeting in Baltimore somewhat over a year ago, which was more in the nature of an informal conference called by those interested and to which in the nature of things only a comparatively small number of scholars were invited. The conference, which was presided over by Prof. Maurice Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins University, and at which Prof. A. O. Lovejoy, of the same institution, acted as secretary, resulted in the formation of a committee on organization of twenty-five, selected from various institutions and with a view to covering, so far as possible, the main subjects represented in our colleges and universities. Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia University, accepted the chairmanship of this committee, and Professor Lovejoy, on whom fell the largest burden in taking the various preliminary steps, assumed the onerous duties of secretary.

The Baltimore conference, after a full discussion, crystallized in the idea of organizing an association of national scope, but left open the question as to the character of the membership. Two views developed—one favoring a large democratic inclusion in the association of all connected with the teaching force of an institution of standing, while the other view proposed to emphasize membership in the organization as in itself a recognition of standing and achievements either in teaching or in activity in research or in both fields. The committee on organization held several meetings in the course of the year in order to grapple with this and other problems that had to be disposed of before a call for a permanent organization could be issued.

The task of settling upon a suitable basis for an American Association of College and University Professors was rendered peculiarly difficult on account of the heterogeneous character of our higher educational institutions, in some of which the grade "professor" is not inherently higher than that of instructor in others. As a preliminary step to test the feasibility of the more inclusive plan the committee set itself at work to obtain two lists, one of members of the faculties of all the more prominent colleges and universities who had acquired a certain scholastic standing, and the other, a list arranged according to subjects and containing, on the basis of membership in some scientific body or other, those scholars who might fairly be regarded as distinguished in their branch. The result was a surprisingly long list extending to almost fifteen hundred names. In order, however, not to forestall the policy of the proposed organization the committee decided—I think, wisely—to cut down the list so as to limit the invitation to the call for the organization to those who held the grade of full professor and whose names appeared on both the institutional and the subject lists. Even this list approached close to one thousand names, and as an index of the widespread interest in the movement it is sufficient to instance that before the organization was effected over seven hundred scholars throughout the country had indicated their preliminary acceptance of the invitation.

About three hundred gathered in the hall of the Chemical Society, New York city, on New Year's Day, and it soon became evident that the assembly was in every respect a representative one, so far as both sectional representation and scholastic standing were concerned. Professor Dewey was made chairman of the meeting and opened the proceedings with an address admirable in its tone and outlining in a most suggestive manner the possibilities of the organization. The keynote of the address was the desirability of coöperation among the scholars of this country for the proper study of the problems connected with university instruction and research. The conviction was also expressed that through an organization such as was contemplated the standing of the profession would be improved, and more definite standards established for the different grades through which those launched on university careers might be expected to pass, as well as a better recognition of the higher kind of research work than is accorded to scholars at the present time.

After briefer addresses by other representative scholars, including a general account of the steps taken since the initial meeting in Baltimore, presented by Professor Lovejoy, the assembly proceeded to a consideration of the constitution, a draft of which was presented by a special committee chosen from the members of the committee on organization. The most momentous question in connection with the constitution was a determination of the conditions of membership, and, as was to be expected, the assembly adopted a plan that may be defined as midway between the more exclusive and the more democratic forms of organization. A fixed standard was established by the resolution that only scholars of acknowledged standing were eligible to membership, without reference, however, to any professorial grade. As a further safeguard against the possibility of swamping the membership with those who were beginning their scientific careers, and who might give the proposed association the stamp of a body working for *specific* ends in the interests of its members, it was further resolved to make ten years of continuous service in teaching or research (though not necessarily in one institution) a further condition for eligibility.

Perhaps the most decided difference of opinion existing among those present manifested itself in connection with the proposal to make presidents of colleges and universities as such ineligible for membership. The special committee in its draft of the constitution provided that only such administrative officers were eligible as gave a reasonable amount of their time to actual instruction. On the face of it this provision appeared to many to be quite sufficient, as it would exclude all those connected with institutions of learning whose energies were absorbed by administrative duties. It was, however, just as well that the proposition was put in a direct form, for it served to bring out more clearly the basis of the proposed organization.

Vice-Provost Penniman, of the University of Pennsylvania, made a strong and effective appeal in favor of including college and university presidents, on the double ground that the problems which would be dealt with by the proposed association are precisely those with which college presidents are concerned, and that it would be of benefit to presidents to have the opportunity of hearing the presentation and discussion of these problems from the professors' point of view. Professor Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins University, however, urged the importance of giving to the Association its correct color at the inception, as a body of men engaged primarily in instruction and research. "This is the first opportunity that we have had," Professor Bloomfield remarked, "of being ourselves." And he added that an entirely different color would be given to the organization the moment that an element was introduced which stood for another side of university activity. The administrative problems should be dealt with separately. Others

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

followed in urging that college presidents had, or should have, their own organization and that it was preferable to have a body which would give the professors' and the investigators' point of view pure and unalloyed, without the necessary consideration or concessions that would have to be made through the presence and active coöperation of officials devoting themselves to the administration of our institutions of learning. The debate was most interesting, and, it should be added, good-natured throughout, and Dr. Cattell, of Columbia University, introduced an element of humor into the discussion when some one suggested that college presidents might be admitted to take part in the discussions, but not to vote, by proposing an amendment that they should be allowed to vote, but not to talk. By a considerable majority the resolution excluding college presidents as such was accepted, which, presumably, however, does not exclude those who come within the category of administrative officers also giving a reasonable amount of instruction. A proposition to place deans in the same category as college presidents was voted down.

With this problem disposed of at the meeting on Friday evening, there remained comparatively little to be done at the third and last session on Saturday morning. The annual dues were fixed at two dollars and it was decided to place the management of the Association in the hands of a Council of Thirty, besides the usual officers. A committee on nominations was appointed, which reported unanimously in favor of making Professor Dewey president for the ensuing year, Professor Coulter, of the University of Chicago, vice-president, and Prof. John C. Rolfe, of the University of Pennsylvania, treasurer. Professor Warren, of Princeton University, having declined the secretaryship, Professor Lovejoy was kind enough to accept the office *pro tempore*. Owing to the lack of time the committee could only settle upon twenty-four members of the Council, and it was resolved to authorize these twenty-four to fill the vacancies. The reason for the selection of so large a Council was to permit of geographical representation, and it is not impossible that in the future it may be found necessary even to enlarge this number.

In the course of the discussion on one point or the other of the constitution, a number of interesting suggestions were incidentally made as to the subjects to be taken up by the Association, and towards the end of the session on Saturday morning further suggestions of this kind were brought forth by Prof. Josiah Royce and Prof. Edwin Seligman, the latter urging the necessity of taking up a thorough study of the very difficult problem of freedom of speech. Prof. Felix Adler urged that the Association should not neglect the larger university problems such as the determination of the exact idea of an American university. All these and other suggestions which were referred to the Council will no doubt be duly considered, and there is every reason to believe that for the initial meeting of the newly organized Association, to be held about a year hence, an interesting and useful programme will be mapped out.

The new Association starts out under excellent auspices; it may fairly be expected to exercise a wholesome influence on the further development of university life in this country. There are many problems of a very practical importance, such as the tenure of office in a college or university, and the grounds upon which advancement from one grade to the other in the professorial career should be based, the situation of which can be aided by this Association. The relationship between faculties and board of trustees needs to be clarified and modified to conform to changed conditions. We may look forward also to the Association's suggestions for correcting some of the abuses connected with the conferring of honorary degrees, as we need on the other hand a more generous as well as a wiser recognition of scholarly achievements in this country. The Association assuredly will not suffer from a dearth of questions to be considered at its annual meetings.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

Notes

"Children of Earth," the prize play by Alice Brown, will be published shortly by Macmillan.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication on February 6, "On the Fighting Line," by Constance Smedley, and "In the Service of the King—A Pastor's Story," by Joseph B. Dunn.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces for publication this month "Problems of Community Life: An Outline of Descriptive Sociology," by Seba Eldridge.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "Little Comrade: A Tale of the Great War," by Burton E. Stevenson; "Montessori Children," by Carolyn S. Bailey; "American Thought," by Woodbridge Riley. The same house is also making arrangements to publish Romain Rolland's "Some Musicians of Former Days," and a volume containing his Haendel and Beethoven.

The following volumes are included in the spring list of Duffield & Co.: "The Edge," by John Corbin; "The Will to Live," by Henry Bordeaux, translated by Pitts Duffield; "The Kiss of Apollo," by Martha G. D. Bianchi; "It Pays to Advertise," by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett; "Accidentals," by Helen Mackay; "The Curse of Castle Eagle," by Katharine Tynan; "The Log of a Timber Cruiser," by William Pinkney Lawson; "The Emancipation of the American City," by Walter Tallmadge Arndt; "The House that Junk Built" (Anonymous); "The Emerald Story Book," by Ada and Eleanor Skinner; "Every Woman's Flower Garden," by Marv Hampden.

We have before us fifteen volumes added last year to Everyman's Library (Dutton). These volumes give evidence of the same wide range and judicious selection which have from the first marked this excellent edition of classic works. In Biography an addition to the series particularly welcome, because rendering accessible in inexpensive form an uncommonly lively piece of writing, is Colley Cibber's "Apology for His Life," with Hazlitt's essay on the vivacious autobiographer by way of preface. Another valuable addition in this field is Frederic Seebohm's "The Oxford Reformers," prepared for the press and prefaced with a short introduction by his son, Hugh E. Seebohm. Froude's "Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield," a brilliant piece of critical biography, also reappears. In Essays and Belles Lettres two well-chosen anthologies are "A Century of English Essays," ranging from Caxton to contemporary writers in English, and (of even more ambitious range) "An Anthology of English Prose," which includes representative selections as venerable as Bede and as modern as Andrew Lang, Fiona McCleod, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Other volumes under this category are: the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's charming "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs"; "Dorothy Osborne's Letters to Sir William Temple," with an introduction by the editor of the 1888 edition of the Letters, Edward A. Parry, and Ruskin's "The Two Boyhoods and Other Select Passages."

In the department of Romance a volume that merits particular attention is the translation, by Prof. William Wister Comfort, of Cornell, of the four romances of Chrétien de Troyes, "Erec et Enide," "Cligès," "Lancelot," and "Yvain." The only translation hitherto available, so far as we know, has been that of W. W. Newall, published in two volumes by Houghton Mifflin, and Professor Comfort has performed a real service to scholarship in making the work of the twelfth-century French romancer readily accessible to students in modern English. The translation is done in simple and vigorous English, designed purposely to err, if at all, on the side of exactness, and is accompanied by a short introduction and by notes and a bibliography. Another new translation that will be welcomed by students of Scandinavian and Icelandic literature is that of "The Saga of Grettir the Strong," by George Ainslie Hight. The volume includes a short introduction by the translator, a map, brief notes, a chronological table, an index of names, and genealogies.

There are also two new translations in the department of Poetry and Drama: the second volume of Björnson's plays, containing the dramas "The Editor," "The Bankrupt," and "The King," by R. Farquharson Sharp, and three plays by Frederic Hebbel, "Gyges and His Ring," "Herod and Mariamne," and "Maria Magdalena," the first two translated by L. H. Allen, and the last by Barber Fairley. In Poetry we have "The New Golden Treasury," edited by Ernest Rhys, which, on a cursory examination, appears to be an exceedingly well selected anthology of songs and lyrics, and to exhibit a catholic taste. We are glad, for example, to find that Blake, neglected by Palgrave, receives adequate representation with four selections, among which is that intriguing little lyric, "The Tiger." In the section For Young People we have "Asgard and the Norse Heroes," translated by Katharine F. Boult, and, under the heading Classical, there is the third volume of "The Muses' Pageant," in which the legends of Thebes are retold by W. M. L. Hutchinson.

A new edition of Francis F. Browne's "Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln" (Chicago: Browne & Howell Co.), first published in 1886, should give a new lease of life to what was, in its day, a good piece of popular biography. Without attempting to enter deeply into the later history of slavery or the causes of the Civil War, or to bring out any special view regarding Lincoln's place in history, the volume simply tells, in straightforward and readable fashion, the story of Lincoln's life; setting off the narrative with the best of those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anecdotes and incidents which, for a former generation at least, had inspiring and unfailing interest. The present revision, completed just before the author's death in 1913, has been considerably reduced in bulk, at the same time that the account of the Civil War has been somewhat expanded. The portrait frontispiece is from an unpublished charcoal drawing by John Nelson Marble.

Miss Rose Strunsky's "Abraham Lincoln" (Macmillan) has a more ambitious purpose. Eschewing the traditional view of Lincoln as the great emancipator of slaves and opponent of secession, the author seeks to explain the greatness of Lincoln and the continued worship of his memory by the fact that he embodied the spirit of a generation hungry for land, and consequently antagonistic to slavery because the large plantation blocked the way to the acquisition of small homesteads. The spread of slavery, in other words, meant the restriction of economic opportunity for the free laborer everywhere, and especially for the emigrant democracy which, between 1820 and 1860, sought landed property in the new West. In the light of this theory, Lincoln becomes the opponent of monopoly, whether it be the monopoly of a slaveholding class in the South or the monopoly of great landowners and capitalists in the North. And since, in the fifty years that have elapsed since the Civil War, the country has become prevailingly capitalistic, the name of Lincoln is invoked to-day not for the things he did, but from love of the individual freedom for which he contended. Unfortunately for the critical reader, the narrative has a good many inaccuracies in detail. As an illustration of the economic interpretation of history, however, the book repays perusal, though it must be said that the interesting thesis which we have briefly summarized, while expounded at length in the introduction and in some concluding chapters, is not always clearly evident in the narrative itself.

In "The Lure of the Camera" (Houghton Mifflin), Mr. Charles S. Alcott has prepared a pleasant, nondescript volume with a catchy rather than descriptive title. It is the title of an introductory chapter, in which the writer tells how he came to take up photography. But his chief interests lie elsewhere, and the fifty photographs reproduced in the course of these pages are mere pictorial notes on the pilgrimages (literary pilgrimages, with the exception of the concluding chapters on the Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon) here recorded. In two earlier books, "George Eliot: Scenes and People of her Novels," and "The Country of Sir Walter Scott," Mr. Alcott has shown himself a diligent searcher among literary settings and originals. Here we have "A Day in Wordsworth's Country," "From Hawthornden to Roslin Glen," "A Day with John Burroughs," notes on literary rambles in Great Britain and New England; and a more ambitious chapter, in large part critical, on "The Country of Mrs. Ward." The commentary is pleasant and readable, if not in any way striking. The accompanying photographs do not transcend the natural limitations of the art as practiced by the literal-minded. The subjects are well chosen, and the pictures have been carefully "taken." But the result, for the most part, is a fatally clear projection of details out of which the spectator must wrest a meaning for himself. The slightest of sketches by a skilled hand would give vastly more of the living character of Dove Cottage or the Brig o' Doon than a hundred machine-made records like these.

We have received the "Oxford University Handbook" for 1915 (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d. net). The volume summarizes and supplements the information contained in the official "Statuta et Decreta Universitatis Oxoniensis" and the "University Calendar." As a book of general reference it will be found indispensable to libraries, and for students who contemplate entering Oxford it affords all the information that they will require.

The University of Indiana has recently published a book of "Readings in Indiana History" which is the work of a committee of the history section of the Indiana State History Teachers' Association. The selections are all from contemporary sources and have been so chosen as to give a remarkably comprehensive picture of developing Indiana from the period when the Indians roamed the prairies down to most recent times. Although there is much to be said against concentrating the instruction of school children upon such a limited field as the history of a State, still this particular volume is an excellent example of its kind and can be used with success in the general course in American history. So far as is known, this is the first volume of comprehensive readings in the history of a Western State, and it is so good that it would be hard to suggest improvements. Even the general reader will find in it much of interest.

"The German Army from Within" (Doran; $1 net) purports to be the work of an Englishman who was a pupil in a German military college, which he entered at the age of twelve, and left "long before" the time for his graduation, on account of his having offended an officer by caricaturing him. It tells us that, after "many years, some of which were spent in India in the cavalry," he obtained by application "to the Emperor himself . . . a commission in the Prussian cavalry." His identity is not disclosed. The periods of his service as a cadet and as an officer are not stated, but appear to have fallen between the Franco-German War (1870) and the Anglo-Boer War (1899). The present book appears to have been written in part before and in part since the outbreak of the present war. On the whole, it is not to be recommended to serious students; it is written obviously with an anti-German bias, and is not always to be commended on grounds of accuracy. In enumerating the active army corps in the German army, the author accounts for only twenty-two (p. 20). This may have been all there were when he wrote, but at the outbreak of the war the number, according to good authority, was twenty-five or twenty-seven. What he means by "Commandants of the German Army" (*id.*) does not appear. In spelling geographical names, one should use the language of the country in which the places are, or the language in which one is writing. In a list of places in Germany he gives German names, French names (Dantzig, Mayence, Neuf-Brisac [*sic*]), and English names (Frankfort, Heligoland), and on the same page Mayence and Mainz. He speaks of the latter place as "situated on the eastern point of the Rhine." As a town, Mainz is on the left, or west, bank; as a fortress, it is on both banks. He confirms the prevalent impression as to the brutality of the German non-commissioned officers, and casts an unfavorable light on the manœuvres by representing the Emperor as interfering with their proper direction, and the reconnoitring as "carried out very casually." His most serious and perhaps best founded criticism of the German army is directed at the transport service. This, he says, "the most important item in any plan of war, is the only branch that is not thoroughly organized. . . . I believe, when this war is finished, and the war cabinet is able to collect itself, the first efforts at reform will be in the direction of supplies. The whole scheme of this branch will have to be torn up and redrafted." Among the few features of the German army which the author does not criticise are the arrangements for mobilization and the secret service. He touches upon the distinguishing characteristic of the German officer, "the amazing keenness for work which is often lacking among the younger officers of other armies. . . . The amazing concentration of which he is capable." This cardinal factor of the efficiency of the German army the author does not undertake to account for. As errata, we note Carlsruhe given as a state (p. 19), réveillé for réveil (p. 30), rest for arrest (p. 55), Würtemburger for Württemberger (p. 60), Sweinemunde for Swinemünde (p. 21), Neuf-Brisac for Neuf-Brisach (*id.*), Stolpemünde for Stolpmünde (*id.*), Brandeburg for Brandenburg (p. 20).

A quaint picture of life on a South African farm two hundred years ago is revealed in "The Diary of Adam Tas, 1705-1706" (Longmans; $3.75 net). The vigorous and often archaic Dutch of the old free farmer is edited by Leo Fouché, professor of history in the Transvaal University College at Pretoria; with the Dutch original, page by page, he gives an appropriate English rendering, which has something of the flavor of Pepys. Along with observations on the weather, the crops, the slaves and Hottentots, wine, tobacco, and politics hold a prominent place. "Wij dronken eenige glaasjes wijn en smookten eenige pijpjes tabak" is a comfortable entry of almost daily regularity. For the historian, the diary is also of value because of the light it throws on the evils of the monopolistic system of the Dutch East India Company and on the famous conflict which arose between the free farmers headed by Adam Tas and the Company's governor, Willem Adriaan van der Stel. The governor's grandmother was a negro woman of the coast, and from her he appears to have inherited doubtful morals and an inclination towards Oriental splendor which led him into extravagance and consequent oppression. His temper was as high as his morals were low. Under his administration the discontent became so great that Tas and other farmers drew up a Memorial to the Directors of the Company in Holland. When Van der Stel got wind of this "conspiracy," Tas was thrown into prison and kept there for thirteen months. His papers were seized, and some of them, including long extracts from the diary, were forwarded to Holland by the Governor in his attempt to justify himself. But the Company judged otherwise. Tas was liberated and the tyrannical Governor recalled. The conflict has been much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussed by historians of South Africa; Theal upheld the righteousness of the farmers' protest; Leibbrandt, Ian Colvin, and Edgar have exonerated the Governor. But Tas's diary, together with a long appendix from the editor, seems to leave little doubt that Van der Stel was a tyrant, and that the Directors were quite just in recalling him. A little later they showed their confidence in Tas by appointing him census commissioner for the Company. The whole conflict also had much importance on the future of South Africa. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century the population had been made up of diverse, unamalgamated elements, chiefly Dutch farmers and French refugees, between whom relations had been by no means cordial at first. But opposition to Van der Stel's misgovernment became a common bond to make Dutch and French stand together; of the sixty-three signers of the Memorial thirty-one were French. The gulf of divergent nationality was wiped out and the two races became fused together in common defence of their rights as free farmers. These united "boers," as they were contemptuously called by Van der Stel, acquired political consciousness and became a nation.

"The System of Taxation in China in the Tsing Dynasty," by Shao-Kwan Chen (Longmans), is a study of Chinese imperial taxation from 1644 to 1911. On the historical side the essay is extremely inadequate, but its treatment of conditions during the twenty years prior to 1911 is both interesting and valuable. After discussing Chinese Government and Administration, with special reference to fiscal affairs, the author treats briefly the financial situation of the Empire, emphasizing the enormous growth of expenditures after 1894, which would have bankrupted the Government before the Revolution of 1911 if it had not been for the resources provided by foreign loans. The land tax, salt tax, customs duties, and the *li-kin* duty are then considered in more or less detail; and the author particularly stresses the anomalies of law and administration which make these taxes unequal and burdensome, and therefore less productive than they ought to be. In the author's opinion, both fiscal needs and economic changes will before long compel a better adjustment of tax burdens, but he also sees that the backward conditions existing in many parts of China will make radical changes slower than some persons expect. The least satisfactory part of the essay is the chapter upon the customs and *li-kin* duties, which is painfully brief and makes but the briefest mention of the maritime customs.

"The Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Conference of the National Tax Association" (National Tax Association, Madison, Wis.) contains the usual number of valuable papers and addresses upon taxation, chiefly State and local. The most important subjects considered are the administration of tax laws, taxation in the State of New York, the increment tax, and the taxation of banks, public service corporations, mines, and forests. Upon the three topics last mentioned, the volume contains important reports by special committees of the Tax Association. Particular interest attaches to the discussion of increment taxes (pp. 114-138), which was enlivened and illuminated by Prof. Adam Shortt's account of the actual operation of the so-called single tax in Western Canada. Instead of restricting land speculation, Professor Shortt showed that the single tax had in many cases played directly into the hands of the speculators. The annual conferences of the Association are now recognized as events of national interest, and this volume should increase the prestige and influence of that organization.

Islam and the war is the subject of the leading article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for November, in which it is maintained that "throughout the Mohammedan world there is a hidden but heart-burning hatred of the British rule . . . and that in hundreds of mosques prayers are offered for the triumph of Germany." A remarkable map of France shows the aeronautic organization of the country at the outbreak of the war. All the places from which flights are regularly made are indicated as well as the places where instruction is given. It is noteworthy how large a number of the stations are on the German frontier.

Science

THE ROSE-GARDEN.

The Practical Book of Outdoor Rose-Growing for the Home Garden. By George C. Thomas, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.

The rose has been singularly fortunate in those who have been its lovers in literature and in the garden; rose-growers have been fortunate, too, in the number of valuable books written about the culture of their favorite flower. To no book, however, of a practical type and a reasonable cost will rosarians present and future feel a greater debt than to that of Mr. Thomas.

The author knows his field well; he has grown roses for fifteen years; he has kept notes of his own experiences; and he is familiar with the literature of his subject. At times he has had as many as 2,000 roses, and he has graded them as if in a college examination, A, B, C, D, and X, the latter for "Failure." The reason why every experienced rosarian will want to possess Mr. Thomas's book, and every tyro must, is briefly this: in no department of horticulture has the busy hybridizer wrought greater changes in a short time than among garden roses. If George Bancroft or "Stubby" Child, practiced growers of roses in their day, were to visit an up-to-date garden now in the time of roses in bloom, they would find themselves among strangers. Since the 'nineties of the last century roses of more or less tea "blood" have taken almost complete possession of the garden. The "hybrid perpetuals" of our fathers are still sold and still planted, but the greater beauty of the hybrid teas has won the hearts of all who know, and every season marks the introduction of more charming "buds."

Mr. Thomas and his publishers have been prodigal in the use of colored plates from autochrome photographs of the beauties of the rose-garden, and these plates are perfection itself. From them one may make up his list of roses to be ordered with perfect assurance that he has seen beforehand the beauty he is to possess. Mr. Thomas first gives pictures of the sixteen roses which he considers best for all purposes in the garden. His selection, of course, will not be accepted by all, for the matter of individual taste is as marked in the choice of the best sixteen roses as in that of the best hundred books. He has made a somewhat arbitrary list of four roses, each in four different shades of color, and naturally he has picked the roses which grow best in his own soil and locality. His selection is as follows: Frau Karl Druschki, Madame Jules Bouche, Antoine Rivoire, Ellen Willmott, Killarney, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, Madame Leon Pain, Lady Alice Stanley, Robert Huey, General MacArthur, Laurent Carle, Gruss an Teplitz, Harry Kirk, Duchess of Wellington, Betty, Mrs. A. R. Waddell. The notable thing about this list of "the best sixteen roses," chosen by a competent hand, is that not a third of them are older than the present century and the oldest of them was introduced in 1896. Mr. Thomas has drawn up a considerable "main list of roses" in which he includes those he considers well worth growing; he has graded them, "1, 2, 3," the first being his list given above; he admits that if he had not limited himself by his selection according to color, some roses marked "2" would have been chosen. The "main list" has a brief description of each rose, and gradings according to quality in growth, hardiness, foliage, stem, size, time, and form of bloom, lasting qualities, and color, with directions for distance in planting and for pruning.

The book contains useful chapters on the preparation of a rose garden, on ordering, planting, pruning, cultivation, and such various information as comes from a long experience. One of the interesting recommendations is that of covering the rose beds in the spring with a blanket of peat moss, to stay on till autumn in order to preserve moisture, keep down weeds, and maintain a fairly uniform temperature in the soil. Our intense summer heat, often long protracted and without rain, is a great detriment to roses, and prevents us from attaining the results which English and Continental rosarians reach in their more equable climate. The suggestion is well worth trying. Mr. Thomas has apparently not thought of the advantages of the Skinner system of watering in a rose garden, by which, by means of pipes with tiny nozzles inserted at frequent intervals, the effect of natural rain can be created at any time. It has proved a great aid in producing summer blossoming. He is of the opinion that watering should be done only in the early morning, in order to avoid that mark of Cain in the rose-garden, mildew. He is not supported in this theory by all rosarians; in many gardens copiously watered in the late afternoon mildew is avoided by proper spraying. He is entirely right, however, in the warning which few amateurs heed, to the effect that frequent shallow watering does more harm than good.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

"MARIE-ODILE."

Mr. Edward Knoblauch has outdone Maeterlinck. Instead of reviving an old religious legend, as the latter did in "Sœur Béatrice," Mr. Knoblauch has created a religious legend of his own. "Marie-Odile," which is played at the Belasco Theatre, is prettily conceived and cunningly worked out. The whole action takes place "in a small convent in the mountainous regions of Alsace"; the time is during the Franco-Prussian War. The theme is mother-love as it develops in a young novice who from babyhood has dwelt in the convent and who has never seen a man, except old Peter, the gardener, and Father Fisher, the aged chaplain. Her first unconscious sexual awakening is ingeniously contrived by attributing to her, naturally enough, a great devotion to the pigeons that flutter about the dovecote near the door. These have become so tame that they come at her bidding, and as she holds them to her she loves to feel their warm heart-beat next her breast.

How far the Mother Superior (well played by Marie Wainwright) understands the meaning of this attention to the pigeons is not vouchsafed by the author; she realizes at least that they are the cause of the girl's carelessness in the conduct of her duties. But, at any rate, by the Mother Superior's action the pigeons become, as artistically they should, the immediate occasion for a complete assertion of Marie-Odile's sex instinct. To discipline the novice, a pigeon—the favorite brown one, St. Francis—has been ordered for dinner. This is too much for Marie-Odile. Secretly she climbs into the cote, and when she is called refuses to respond, though, unknown to her, news has been received that to avoid the oncoming Uhlans it is necessary that the nuns flee from the convent at once. Perforce Marie-Odile is left behind with only Peter for attendant. Her wonder at the first Uhlan to arrive, Corporal Meissner (Jerome Patrick), is amusingly sketched. He must be St. Michael, since he resembles the picture of the only young man she has ever seen. This scene is well managed. The coarse jests of the soldiers are not overdone, and the attitude of Meissner, who later possesses her for that day, is treated delicately. After the passage of a year, during which time Marie-Odile and Peter have kept the convent in order, the nuns return, for the war is over. Only one change is noted, but that a miracle, as Marie-Odile proclaims it; a child has been born to her. That this should be a scandal is, of course, not intelligible to the girl; and though she is driven out, she goes willingly with her baby; nor does her departure occur before one of the nuns (Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, who deserves mention) has placed the real blame upon the sisters themselves for keeping the girl in entire ignorance of a vital matter.

As interpreted by Miss Frances Starr, who undoubtedly put into the part all that the author intended, and in general played it with great charm, the figure of Marie-Odile is not dramatic in the usual sense. It symbolizes at best the "tears of things," the pathos of a situation over which the victim has no control; it does not involve the ordinary clash of impulses and restraints which constitutes the essence of the tragic. Marie-Odile acts from instinct merely, and to do other than she does would be wrong, according to her lights. She lacks even the small opportunity of choice accorded to Sœur Béatrice, who realized that it was sinful for her to elope from the convent with her knight, but who, weighing the consequences, yielded herself because of the great love she bore him. Yet for all that the piece gives the impression of being drama and not purely a pretty pathetic legend, and in any case has a compensating sweetness. F.

GRANVILLE BARKER, SHAW, AND ANATOLE FRANCE AT WALLACK'S.

Mr. Shaw is not incomparable. That fact was established for Americans last week at Wallack's Theatre, where Mr. Granville Barker opened his season in New York by the production of a double bill. The play chosen to introduce Mr. Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion"—M. Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"—was in every way a worthy companion piece. Neither play, it must be admitted, seems quite typical of its author. It is as though each dramatist had written a play for a special occasion—an occasion on which the spectators, enlivened by junketing and in intimate sympathy with the actors, had thrown their critical faculty to the winds and were ready to give themselves up to hilarity at the slightest provocation. Just how that receptiveness was to be produced was a problem. Perhaps Mr. Shaw, with his love of contraries, believes that if you wag a dog's tail he will be happy, willy nilly. At least there was evidence of a desire on his part to disarm the audience violently. M. France, elaborating a Rabelaisian situation—as Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, the translator of the play, has pointed out—had a readier excuse for extending comedy to broad farce.

Whatever the authors' motives, the evening's entertainment was considerable. This, indeed, was almost insured by the pains to which Mr. Barker had put himself in the production. For these particular performances, it must be said that his disposition of the stage, by which the actors were brought into close contact with the audience, the special lighting from the first balcony and the rear of the stage, and the care to effect harmonious backgrounds, elevated what at the mercy of crude properties would have seemed merely grotesque, to finished productions. The company, too, was admirably picked and trained. Miss Lillah McCarthy, who in the first piece was the dumb and later the garrulous wife, and in the other piece the beautiful Christian sufferer, nicely demonstrated her ability to sink her own personality in that of the rôle demanded, and the other parts were so ably filled that partial mention of the casts would be unjust. Exception may be made in the case of O. P. Heggie, who played the harassed justice, and in Mr. Shaw's play was the quaintly appealing Androcles. In voice, facial expression, and in the niceties that make for fundamental repose, he showed the signs of a finished performer. Of the lion more anon.

It is unnecessary more than to indicate the action of the entertainment. M. France settles the case of a man possessed of a beautiful wife who has all the normal faculties save that of speech. The poor fellow, unaware of his blessings, though he is warned by a friend to let well enough alone, calls in three practitioners, who with instruments of Rabelaisian proportion set the tongue free to speak. And such a gabbing as ensues! Again the doctors are summoned, and this time they administer a powder which deprives the frantic justice of his hearing. Whereupon he is happy, but the wife goes mad because of his inattention, and by biting every member of the company in the neck conveys the madness to them all. The play ends with a grotesque dance, in which various picturesque venders of Paris crazily join.

The plot of Mr. Shaw's play is equally simple. Androcles, a meek Christian early in the Christian era, is seen at the outset near a jungle, beset by an unreasonable wife whom he is convoying on a hypothetical journey. As a result of a good office rendered to a lion (most remarkably played by Phil Dwyer) which obstructs their path—Androcles removes a thorn of unheard-of size (another instance of the similarity of the two plays) from the lion's paw—man and beast go off as bosom friends, deserting the hysterical woman. The scene is shifted to Rome, where Christian prisoners, Androcles among them, are being driven in as food for wild beasts in the arena. Among them, too, are the fair Lavinia (Lillah McCarthy), beloved by a Roman captain; a strong man, whose peace of mind is continually disturbed by his temptation to "lay out" an infidel Roman or two, and a miserable wretch who turns apostate, but in attempting to reach the sacrificial altar is devoured by a lion—to the great chagrin of the keeper, since the edge has been taken off the beast's appetite. Ultimately, after the strong man has annihilated half a dozen opponents in the arena and in consequence, Christian though he is, has been made a member of the Pretorian guard, it falls to Androcles to face the lion. Here the fun is colossal. The lion, of course, requires but one sniff to recognize his old friend. The two are then in absolute control, Emperor and the rest of the court fleeing before them. It is only after some of Androcles's meekness has been imparted to the lion that order is restored and an arrangement devised which satisfies them all.

We need not attempt to find in the play any connected satire, for manifestly it is not there, in spite of Mr. Shaw's pretence that much is to be read between the lines. The approach to the subject reminds one, however, of his method in other works. Just as in "Man and Superman" and in "Pygmalion," not to mention others, he was careful to choose extreme cases, so in this latest play he can easily bring out foibles and failings of Christianity by the device of examining it at its inception, before it has become complicated and obscured by well-accepted conventions and traditions. The position is set up for a very elaborate bit of satire, not only on the new religion, but on Roman complacency. He has no doubt been wise to forego the opportunity and to be content with occasional sidelong glances.

There is in the humor of the piece some evidence that the author is exhausting his special vein. Whereas in several other works his wit was rapid, almost continuous, here he is satisfied, as indeed he often was in "Fanny's First Play," to rely on the more elaborate English manner, like that of Pinero and Jones. The result is that the humor not infrequently is pretty thin, while at the same time being pretentious. F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE SHADOW."

With proper treatment and an actress of superlative talent in the leading rôle, "The Shadow" might have been a play of considerable dramatic power. As written by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton and produced last week at the Empire Theatre, with Miss Ethel Barrymore as the star, it almost resolved itself into an exceedingly tedious monologue. The piece obviously has dramatic possibilities. Berthe Tregnier (Miss Barrymore) is happily married to Gerard Tregnier (Bruce McRae). When the curtain rises, however, she has been a complete invalid for six years, the victim of paralysis. Her husband, an artist, is attentive at regular hours, a model of solicitous sympathy, and no doubt of him ever crosses the mind of Berthe. In point of fact, however, he has formed a liaison with his wife's friend, Hélène Préville. They live together in his studio apartment, and there is a baby. The dramatic climax is in the second act, when Berthe, having miraculously recovered from her long illness, goes to the studio to surprise her husband with the joy of her recovery. There, in a scene which is not without constructive skill in its gradual leading up to the dénouement, she discovers the true state of affairs, the final revelation coming with the entry of Hélène with the baby in her arms. Here is a real dramatic situation. Unfortunately it is the first and last one in the play. The third act is really superfluous, there being no definite conclusion, but a vague understanding that, since all the angles of the triangle are good and virtuous and have only acted according to their lights, things must drag on as best they may.

One thing was essential if this plot was to be made really dramatic. That was an impression of ineluctable fate hanging over the three characters, holding them in a grip from which there was no escape. And similarly, if the full force of the awfulness of Fate was to be felt by the audience, it was essential that each one of the characters should command our sympathy. That was where both play and actors failed. We did not think of Gerard and Hélène as the victims of Fate, but as two self-indulgent creatures who had drifted into a disreputable liaison. Even so, there was still a chance for something of drama to be experienced in the contrast between the villainy of the husband and his paramour and the undeserved suffering of the wife on finding her joy at her physical recovery turned to gall and bitterness by the discovery of the faithlessness of husband and friend. But here again the drama of the situation was obscured because it was wholly impossible to sympathize with so unattractive a figure as Berthe.

There was opportunity in the rendering of this part for a really great actress. Miss Barrymore occasionally gave evidence that she had an intellectual conception of what the rôle might mean, but the interpretation of it was quite beyond her powers. There were moments when she displayed real dramatic force, but for the most part the lines were recited in a high-pitched, whining monotone that induced in the audience only a feeling of exasperation and the conviction that if her husband had only not been such a hopelessly unsympathetic person one would almost have sympathized with him and condoned his blackguardly conduct. We believe we understand what Miss Barrymore was trying to do, which was to give a perfectly realistic and verisimilitudinous rendering of the rôle of the confirmed invalid. That is why she whined; that is why she disguised her attractive personality to present a pallid spectre of invalidism. If this surmise be correct, the result may be taken as a horrid example of the dangers of realism. Miss Barrymore's intellectual conception of the part was not deep enough; she saw how an invalid might conceivably look and behave; she did not see the deeper truth that not all that is true to life is true on the stage; or in drama only that which carries conviction to an audience is true—an elementary axiom which has been far better expressed by Aristotle. As the character of Berthe almost monopolized the play, it was not perhaps surprising that the performances of the other principals in the cast were colorless and wholly unconvincing. S. W.

"THE CLEVER ONES."

Mr. Alfred Sutro, author of the play now appearing at the attractive little Punch and Judy Theatre, has put new wine into old bottles. And though this may often be done on the stage with impunity, Mr. Sutro has not escaped a certain amount of disaster. His theme, or framework, is the absurd figure cut by pretentious intellectuals and especially the bother which they make in a household. For one act the author by the brightness of his dialogue is able to give the impression of freshness to the time-honored subject, but as the play progresses it is evident that the types chosen are neither vital nor picturesque enough to hold the interest. Nor has Mr. Sutro helped matters by adopting in the second and third acts that last resort of an embarrassed dramatist—broad farce. It is manifestly incongruous beside the rather careful study attempted in the first act.

Peter Marable, a man who by common-sense and sound business ability has arrived at a position of dignity and security, finds the comfort of his household suddenly upset by the intellectual ambitions of his wife and her sister, who are seekers after "-isms." To make the situation worse, his son, a student at Oxford, is publishing a novel on free love—at least it will be published as soon as the father will "put up" for the cost of printing; and his daughter has announced her engagement to an anarchist. These four are the "clever ones," and the sparkle of the scene comes largely from the father's uncertain attitude. The mingling of anger, dictated by common-sense, and his tendency to be impressed by all this learning is turned to good account. But this felicitous situation is cut short before the first act is over by the secret confession to the father by the girl's lover that he is not an anarchist at all, that he has professed to be merely to win the girl's love, and is indeed conservative and well to do. Father and lover then hatch a plot to shock the girl out of her absurd notions by giving her a glimpse of a really radical thinker, an acquaintance of the lover's. It is not necessary to relate the farce which ensues. Of course, the father's plan is thwarted, though his daughter in the end engages herself to no anarchist, but to an old friend who bobs up opportunely.

Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, who played respectively the father, and the daughter of the anarchist, were not as happily cast as they were in "The Marriage of Columbine," though they acted with intelligence. Efficient work was seen, however, in the parts assigned to Herbert Yost, Russ Whytal, Beatrice Prentice, and Louise Closser Hale. F.

Art

NEW BOOKS ON PRINTS.

Etching: A Practical Treatise. By Earl H. Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Etching and Other Graphic Arts. By George T. Plowman. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Prints: A Brief Review of Their Technique and History. By Emil H. Richter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated $2 net.

Print-Collectors' Booklets. Published for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by Houghton Mifflin Co. Six booklets. $1 net.

Reference has been made on former occasions, in these columns, to the increasing interest in prints. In recent years there has been issuing a steady little stream of books and articles on various phases of print-production, from Germany, France, England, and the United States. Our country's contributions to this literature include one or two good introductory books and one of the only two periodicals in the world devoted entirely to prints. These publications have served the connoisseur, the collector, the student. It was inevitable that there should be printed also attempts to guide the young practitioner of etching. Since the appearance of the handbooks by Hamerton and Lalanne, which continue to be much used, and S. R. Koehler's monumental work, various artists abroad have set down the result of their experiences: Chattock, Delatre, Martial, Herkomer, Short, Struck, Preissig, and Paton among them. Some of these books are out of print, some are in German or French. There was no reason why home talent should not likewise have its say, and so, this year, we get two American manuals simultaneously. Both are written in straightforward, untechnical language, out of personal experience. Mr. Reed, having furnished the larger book, is able to go more into detail, but both books are useful to the beginner, and each seems to have some features not in the other. Mr. Plowman, for example, finds room for a useful list of dealers in etching tools and printers of etchings in various cities of the United States, as well as in London and Paris, classified, by an oversight, under "Bibliography."

As one runs through the books, various points of interest are noted: For instance, that Mr. Reed (on p. 67) commends a gas jet as the best means of smoking a grounded plate, which quite shakes the long-established faith in the use of twisted wax tapers—this Felix Buhot, in a little-known photograph, handles with something of Cyrano de Bergerac's delight in "the gesture"; or that Mr. Plowman (on p. 133), when describing artificial printing, says: "It is much the best to complete the effect on the plate and print simply." Here one recalls the satisfaction which the author's master, Sir Frank Short, has expressed at his conversion of Whistler, late in life, to "clean wipe" printing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is quite possible that the student will, in the end, read, or even own, both books. Mr. Reed unfortunately offers no index; Mr. Plowman does. Excepting some misplaced or missing accents, the only really noteworthy slip of the pen to be remarked is "bicarbonate" instead of "bichromate" of potassium on page 31 of Mr. Plowman's book. Mr. Plowman in his preface properly emphasizes the necessity of a knowledge of drawing before etching is attempted. That is apparently not realized generally, since C. F. W. Mielatz found it necessary to insist on such knowledge as a qualification for admission to his etching classes. That fact, however, hardly called for a chapter on drawing in the present book. This brings us to the only quarrel we have with Mr. Plowman—that he has tried to do too much. Over a third of his little volume is taken up with descriptions of graphic arts other than etching, for which there seems no real necessity. They will be sought for by the student elsewhere, in more detail, and the budding print connoisseur will also turn to a different class of books for help.

The matter of introduction to appreciation of prints, in fact, is a thing by itself, to be left to books already written with this object in view, or to the little volume by Mr. Richter, which fulfils this task in a rather summary manner, though with a personal point of view. Mr. Richter, who worked for some years with the late S. R. Koehler, has brought serious application and sympathy to the study of the subject. The lectures which he delivered some years ago are here collected. They form a compressed, comprehensive summary, quite the "brief review," the "introduction," which the author announces in his preface. The national and chronological grouping, and the interesting consideration of the influence of changing political and social conditions on the graphic arts, are accomplished with a rapidity of progress which at more than one point is apt to leave the unwary beginner (for whom the book is supposed to have been written) in doubt—for instance, as to the manner of production of the works of Dürer (pp. 63, 64, 71), or of Rembrandt (p. 80). Nor will he in such cases get much help from the well-chosen illustrations, for, except in a few instances, they bear no inscription to show whether they are etchings, or engravings, or wood-cuts. If you write for the uninitiated it is necessary that you should put yourself in their position.

The six little booklets reprinted from the *Print Collector's Quarterly* deal with "The Men of 1830," Millet, Jacque, Daubigny, Corot, and Lalanne; R. J. Wickenden is the author of the first five, W. A. Bradley of the last. They form pleasant and instructive reading on various individual phases of the French revival of etching in the nineteenth century, the results of which Americans can study in various print collections in this country, and in most full and noteworthy representation in the S. P. Avery collection in the print-room of the New York Public Library.

Finance

PASSING EVENTS.

After a three weeks' continuous rise, prices declined rather rapidly on the Stock Exchange last week, and the decline elicited several more or less different explanations. The upward movement, which had continued almost uninterruptedly since the first week of January, had gone reasonably far, and it was recognized last week that, in default of some fresh stimulus in the way of favorable news, either a prolonged halt or a downward reaction was traditionally probable. As it happened, the present week opened, not with unexpected good news, but with a quarterly statement by the Steel Corporation, showing smaller earnings than Wall Street had predicted, and with the passing of the dividend on its common stock, which Wall Street had probably not expected, though the steel trade must have done so. Something of reaction on the Stock Exchange was therefore logical. The alternative explanation was that the curious embarrassment, in which the decline in Steel shares placed the whole question of arbitrary minimum prices, was itself a general demoralizing influence.

As regards the first of these explanations, it naturally involves the question whether the Wall Street community, and with it the Stock Exchange, may not have rushed into somewhat premature enthusiasm. The signs of the times, as reflected in the recent money market, foreign exchange market, and returns of foreign trade, pointed with perfect clearness to a favorable quarter. But they did not clear up the question as to domestic trade revival generally. Experience teaches that important movements in that field are apt to come in sight considerably later than the advance on the Stock Exchange which was taken to foreshadow them. But this very fact always leaves the question open, how far the return to business activity, when it really begins, will go.

That, as it happens, is just the question which is at present most perplexing—chiefly because, in general industry as in international finance, the underlying conditions, prevalent throughout the world, have no precedent at all by which to judge them. President Wilson's prophecy that the country is entering on an era of business confidence and an era of business enterprise is well enough, and in some respects is unquestionably correct; but it is very general in its terms. As yet, the only influences which can surely be relied upon are the new and enormous wealth of the grain-producing West, the country's prolonged economy in buying merchandise, the increasing purchases by Europe, the easy money market, and the large reserve power of the new banking system; and these at least exist to-day as manifestly as they did when Wall Street prices were lately at the top.

Ever since arbitrary restriction on Stock Exchange sales by fixing "minimum prices" was adopted, the question has been asked, what would happen when the minimum price was reached? United States Steel common stock closed at 51⅞ on July 30. When the dividend was reduced on October 27, the Stock Exchange was closed; but the more or less untrustworthy "street market" quoted the shares at 38½. The official minimum fixed when the Stock Exchange reopened was 48, but Steel was changing hands at 55. When the price got down to 49, at the general end-of-the-year decline, and a demand arose for reduction of the minimum price, the Stock Exchange refused. The shares presently rose to 53⅜.

On Tuesday of last week, the Steel Corporation passed its common stock dividend entirely. The shares, which that day had closed at 51½, opened next day at 48, the minimum, and remained at that price all day. The Exchange reduced the minimum to 43; "Steel common" opened next morning at that price, and closed there. The Exchange, that Thursday afternoon, reduced the minimum again to 40; on Friday the stock opened and closed at that price; and on Saturday the minimum was reduced once more to 38. The result was that the whole market was disordered by the bewildering spectacle.

It is quite possible that the "minimum price" complication received undue attention. The question, however, is of a sort which calls for much consideration. In this one stock, the incident of repeated lowering of the minimum price, in order to prevent cessation of trading in those shares on the Stock Exchange, has been most embarrassing. Yet, as any one can see, it was a wholly logical result of the system of arbitrary "minimums." Except in the quite improbable event of a continued advance of all stocks on the market, it was bound sooner or later to arise.

It therefore suggests one question, which is worth at least theoretical consideration—whether the whole device of fixing official limits, below which a given stock should not be sold on the Exchange, was economically warranted, or not. This question will be difficult to answer confidently, until all the episode of war finance is ended. It is reasonably probable that, had the Stock Exchange reopened without any restrictions of the sort, the course of prices, up to the present date, would have been exactly what it actually has been. The Stock Exchange authorities could not know this in advance, and they therefore may be said only to have exercised a reasonable prudence in imposing such restrictions.

The argument that, so long as the much-talked-of flood of European sales of our securities is even a remote possibility, the precaution of "minimums" ought to be retained, has weight. A sweeping disaster on the sea, a renewed advance on Paris—these are not among the expected or probable events; but the Stock Exchange authorities are dealing with the whole scope of conceivable events, and studying the effects on international finance. As against this must be placed, after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last week's events, the unfortunate psychological influence of a continued reduction of a minimum when a stock shows unexpected weakness—thereby inevitably advertising that situation, and presumably exaggerating it in the eyes of the general public.

This situation involves some problems altogether novel to the financial mind; it is an incident in a market's experiment with new, untried, and complicated machinery. Yet the "avalanche of foreign selling" is, for reasons perfectly understood, not likely to occur. Its occurrence is certainly less probable on a declining market than on one which is rapidly advancing. Furthermore, even supposing the improbable event that it did occur, what then? Apparently, the Stock Exchange would be as completely out of business, through the reaching of the "minimums," as if it had closed its doors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Altsheler, J. A. The Guns of Europe. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Cannan, G. Young Earnest. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Hemingway, R. D., and Halsalle, H. de. Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Münsterburg, Margarete. Red Poppies. Appleton. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Crippen, L. Clay & Fire. Holt.
Estabrook, H. D. The Vengeance of the Flag. Revell. $2 net.
Foerster, Norman. Outlines and Summaries. Holt.
Hearn, L. Fantastics and Other Fancies. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Stimson, Henry A. While the War Rages. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Woodhouse, S. C. The Englishman's Pocket Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Yoxall, J. H. The Villa for Coelebs. Dutton. $2 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Baldwin, J. M. Genetic Theory of Reality. Putnam.
Benn, A. W. The Greek Philosophers. Dutton. $6 net.
Carnegie, W. H. Democracy and Christian Doctrine. Macmillan.
De Laguna, T. Introduction to the Science of Ethics. Macmillan.
Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. VII. Hymes-Liberty. Scribner.
Harris, C. Pro Fide: A Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Laufer, C. W. The Incomparable Christ. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Strayer, P. M. The Reconstruction of the Church. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Van Loan, A. F. The Power to Right our Wrongs. Revell. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Alverstone, Rt. Hon. Viscount. Recollections of Bar and Bench. Longmans, Green. Third impression. $3.50 net.
Anthony, K. Mothers who Must Earn. Russell Sage Foundation. Survey Associates. $2 net.
Colson, C. Railway Rates and Traffic. Edited by Charles Travis. London: Bell. 3s. 6d. net.
Cook, S. A. The Essence and the Ethics of Politics. Abingdon Press. $1.25 net.
Holt, L. H. An Introduction to the Study of Government. Macmillan. $2 net.
Jane, L. C. The Nations at War. Dutton. $1 net.
Parry, E. A. The Law and the Poor. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Public Policies as to Municipal Utilities. American Academy of Political and Social Science. Vol. LVII. No. 146.
Rappard, W. E. La Révolution industrielle et les Origines de la Protection Légale du travail en Suisse. Berne: Staempfli & Co.
Sammons, W. Keeping Up with Rising Costs. Shaw.
San Severino, B. Q. Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Scott, J. F. Historical Essays on Apprenticeship and Vocational Education. Michigan: Ann Arbor Press.
Seton-Watson, R. W., and Others. The War and Democracy. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
True, Ruth S. The Neglected Girl. Russell Sage Foundation. Survey Associates. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Allen, J. W. Germany and Europe. Macmillan. $1 net.
German Emperor and Others. Germany's War Mania. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Gray, W. F. Some Old Scots Judges. Dutton. $3 net.
Halvey, D. The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. Macmillan.
Johnston, Henry Phelps. Nathan Hale, 1776. Yale University Press. $2.35 net.
Ludwig, E. Austria-Hungary and the War. Ogilvie.
Macaulay, Lord. The History of England. Volume V. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Müller, Dr. Weltkrieg und Völterrecht. Berlin: Georg Reimer. 5 marks.
Putnam, R. Alsace and Lorraine. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Rankin, R. The Inner History of the Balkan War. Dutton. $5 net.
Roosevelt, T. America and the World War. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Some Early Records of the Macarthurs of Camden. Edited by S. M. Onslow. London: Oxford University Press. 15s. net.
Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. Third Series. Vol. VIII. London: Royal Historical Society.

TRAVEL.

Loti, Pierre. On Life's By-Ways. London: Bell. 3s. 6d. net.
Murphy, T. D. On Sunset Highways. Boston: Page Co. $3 net.

POETRY.

Binns, H. B. The Free Spirit. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Browning, R. and E. B. New Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
English Poems of Henry King. Edited by L. Mason. Yale University Press. $1.35 net.
Harper, H. H. Random Verses. Privately printed.
Kinsolving, W. L. The River of Thought. Winchester, Tennessee: Southern Printing & Publishing Co.
Songs of Kabir, Trans. by R. Tagore. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
The Song of Roland. Trans. into English Verse by Leonard Bacon. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Tynan, K. The Flower of Peace. Scribner.

SCIENCE.

Berget, A. The Earth: Its Life and Death. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Lloyd, R. E. What Is Adaptation? Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Report on the Progress and Condition of the United States National Museum for the Year Ending June 30th, 1914. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Riley, W. A., and Johannsen, O. A. Handbook of Medical Entomology. Comstock Publishing Co. $2 net.
Rosenhain, W. Physical Metallurgy. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Middleton, G. Possession. Holt. $1.35 net.
Thomas, P. V. The Plays of Eugène Brieux. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co.

ART.

Hall, H. R. Ægean Archæology. Putnam. $3.75 net.
Hunter, F. W. Stiegel Glass. Houghton Mifflin. $10 net.
Steadman, F. M. Unit Photography. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Fassett, J. H. The Beacon Third Reader. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents net.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

Like the author's very successful "A Montessori Mother" in its sensible, informal treatment of home problems. ($1.25 *net.*)

"The sane, scientific and readable advice of a trained mother."
—*Independent.*

Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St NEW YORK

BINDER FOR THE NATION

To receive the current number in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with THE NATION stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents. Address The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

The Confessions of Frederick the Great

and

Treitschke's "Life of Frederick"

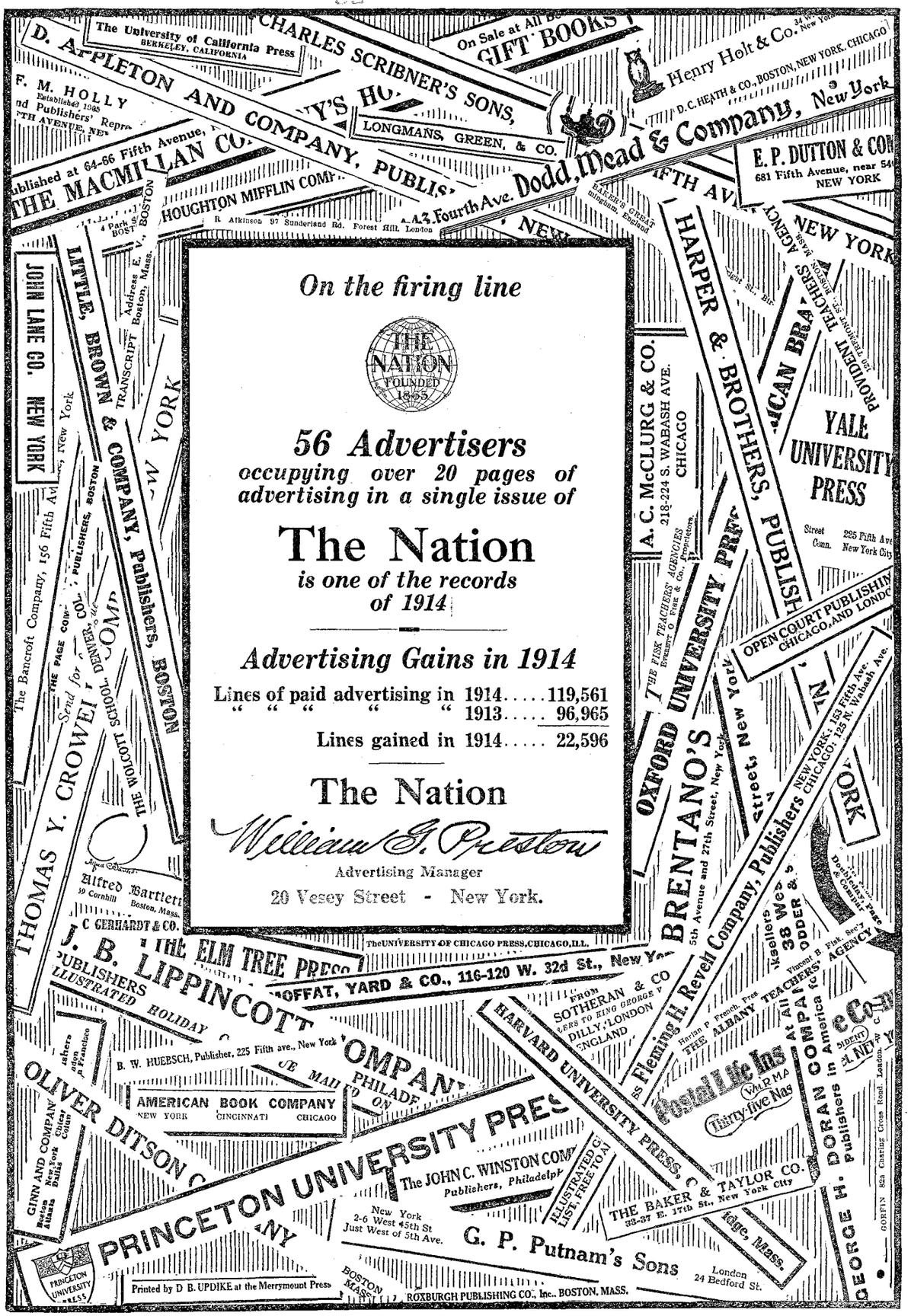
Edited, with a Topical and Historical Introduction, by Douglas Sladen

12mo. $1.25

The coupling of these two works in a single volume has a significance apart from the fact that they have bearing—the one as an intimate expression, the other as an able biographical sketch—upon one of the great figures of Prussian and world history. Treitschke strongly influences the philosophy of war and the views regarding the destiny of the German nation embodied in Bernhardi's much discussed book, and Frederick's CONFESSIONS, in the opinion of Mr. Sladen, is the soil from which the school of Treitschke and Bernhardi drew sustenance.

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED